

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1898

SEPTEMBER 19, 1908

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

LIFE AND LETTERS

IN connection with the prohibition by the Liberal Government of the procession organised by the Eucharistic Congress, to which we refer in another part of the paper, it is amusing to notice the arguments of those who support this most illiberal and tyrannical action. The great argument advanced takes the form of a question—"Do you suppose that a body of Protestants would be allowed to hold a demonstration in Rome?" Now any one who knows anything at all about either Protestantism or Rome must be aware that if he wishes to see Protestant demonstrations in their most advanced and militant form Rome is precisely the place to go and see them. Not only are Protestant demonstrations allowed in Rome by the Italian Government, but they are encouraged and supported by the Government. Take again the case of Germany. Here we have a Protestant country comprising a considerable Roman Catholic minority, and it is notorious that Roman Catholic processions are allowed as a matter of course in Germany. Only in England, under a Liberal Government and under a Nonconformist Prime Minister, would such a gross interference with religious liberty as is involved in Mr. Asquith's interference be conceivable.

In another column we print a further article concerning Mr. John Long and the publication of "The Yoke," which we consider to be an improper novel. A certain Socialist paper has been kind enough to suggest that our articles on this unpleasant subject are "mock articles, written merely to advertise the books they pretend to condemn." This is a grave charge to bring against a paper like THE ACADEMY, and we have taken due note of it. Meanwhile, it may be necessary for us to say a few words on a vexed question. We are glad to think that we are not alone in our deprecation of indecent fictional writing. Other journals besides THE ACADEMY have condemned it in good set terms, and it is being continually condemned by the more reputable section of the Press. For all that the game goes merrily on, and books are now overtly sold at the street-corners which twenty years ago would have been seized by the police. And we believe this is in large measure due to the fact that when our contemporaries decry and condemn such books they seldom or never mention the name of either the author or the publisher; the idea being, of course, that to publish the name of a flagrantly indecent book is to advertise it and materially to increase its sale.

The result has been that while the reviews have lifted up hands of horror over "certain wicked books," no

writer or publisher of such books has deemed it advisable to take the soft impeachment to himself, but has grinned rather in his sleeve, and gone on making hay while the sun shone. We admit that our action in nailing "The Yoke" to the counter will in the circumstances have promoted the sale of the book, and we are profoundly sorry that this should be so. But until some such book is nailed to the counter, and until the author or publisher of some such book is brought to a sense of his responsibility to the public and to the law, publications of an indecent nature will continue to be produced and sold without let or hindrance. If THE ACADEMY can stop the further sale of "The Yoke," as it hopes to do, the lesson will be salutary to authors and publishers alike, and we shall get rid at one swoop of the foul and improper works which are nowadays so commonly foisted on to the public in the names of philosophy and morality.

There is something peculiarly impudent and bare-faced in the attempt which is being made by the Woman's Freedom League to make capital out of the conviction, for the murder of her child, of Daisy Lord. The League is circulating a petition for the further commutation of the punishment of this unfortunate girl, the inference being, of course, that she is the victim of man's injustice and cruelty, and that the only persons who are likely to interest themselves on her behalf are females infected with the mania of suffragitis. It need hardly be pointed out to intelligent people that Daisy Lord's conviction for murder was an inevitable and painful necessity, just as the commutation of her sentence was practically a certainty. As long as the law visits murderers with the penalty of capital punishment, women who murder their babies will have to go through, at any rate, the form of being condemned to death. Or does the Woman's Freedom League propose that the law against murder should be specially altered so as to allow women to murder their children? If so, it had better say so once for all and have done with it. If not, what is the sense of all its idiotic clamour about "man-made laws" and "man-made justice"? If the Woman's Freedom League is burning to distinguish itself in the protection of the unfortunate, it would do well to turn its attention to our Mrs. Dyers, Mrs. Pearces, and other accomplished baby-farmers, baby-murderers, and child-torturers, who after all are not men. When mercy, as opposed to strict justice, is in consideration, any sane man, woman, or child would rather trust to men for it than to the members of leagues whose avowed policy is "votes at any price."

There appears to be little rest for the wicked. The *Tailor and Cutter* finds itself unable to "congratulate Mr. Winston Churchill on his wedding outfit," which is sad.

It did not fit him (says the *Tailor and Cutter*), neither did it suit him. . . . The coat was too long and too heavy as a morning coat, and too short and skimpy as a frock; it was a sort of neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and was one of the greatest failures as a wedding garment we have seen, giving the wearer a sort of glorified coachman appearance.

Carlyle, who really knew something about clothes, would, no doubt, have discerned all that the *Tailor and Cutter* has discerned in regard to Mr. Churchill's nuptial habiliments. But Carlyle would not have called Mr. Churchill a glorified coachman. It seems to us that he would have had stronger words for him, and this, of course, quite apart from weddings. In our view, Mr. Churchill's political "outfit" is a good deal less successful than his wedding suit appears to have been. The coat of democracy is too long for him in the body and too short for him in the sleeves. It does not catch him at the neck as a coat should, and, to adopt the beautiful words of the *Tailor and Cutter*, it is "a sort of neither fish, flesh, nor fowl." And underneath it we descry too much of the S.B.—S.B. meaning single-breasted—fancy waistcoat, and a too-pronounced crease in the neat grey-striped political trousers, "cut rather narrow in the legs." Altogether Mr. Churchill's political trappings look as if they had been snatched up hastily, after a fire, out of

the wardrobes of Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. John Burns. We shall refrain, as Carlyle would have done, from calling the Right Honourable Gentleman a glorified coachman, and we shall also refrain from calling him what Carlyle would have called him.

Mr. Collingridge, who appears to be determined to go on for ever in an admittedly good cause, writes to us expressing his sorrow that we have not bestowed a blessing upon the Rev. S. A. Smith, Vicar of Olney, who, it seems, is one of the trustees of the Cowper and Newton Museum. It is our obvious duty to repair this omission, and we have much pleasure in so doing. Mr. Collingridge informs us that the trustees have an uphill task before them, and that money is very tight. We gather from other sources that only a very few pounds—three or four in fact—have as yet been received towards the modest endowment the trustees are so anxious to obtain. We hope that the rich gentleman who could settle the whole question with a stroke of the pen will speedily be forthcoming. But we think that when Mr. Collingridge, after regretting that he cannot accept our "sporting offer" of last week, proceeds to ask us summarily for two or three guineas towards the fund, he is forgetting that the ordinary rules of sport are still respected amongst sporting gentlemen. However, we will not be hard on him, and we will do what we can. Meanwhile let us not be misunderstood. Our attitude in regard to this matter remains exactly what it was in the beginning. We quite admit that it is desirable and even necessary that the Cowper Museum should be suitably endowed. What we do object to, however, and all that we object to, is that a living writer should, as it were, exploit a dead writer of genius in the flagrant way that Mr. Thomas Wright has exploited the poet Cowper.

We find in a very able article contributed by an anonymous hand to the *Yorkshire Herald* a statement to the effect that THE ACADEMY has insisted, "with somewhat superfluous personalities, that the managing body of the little museum [at Olney] is less national and representative than might be desired." In point of fact, we have said nothing of the kind. We are quite content that the management of the museum should remain in the hands of the present trustees, all of whom apparently reside in or about Olney, and all of whom are gentlemen of position in the district. We have never cast the slightest reflection upon these gentlemen nor should we have dreamed of doing so. Furthermore "superfluous personalities" is a superfluous and ill-considered phrase. Unthinking people are prone to call things personalities which are not personalities at all in the sense that the word personality is now commonly used. We do not wish to go over the ground of Mr. Thomas Wright's offence again; but we say that when a man calls himself "Thomas Wright of Olney," calls his school Cowper School, and puts his father into the position of curator or caretaker of a Cowper Museum, he is running the memory of Cowper a little bit to death. There has been far too much of this tacking on of indifferent living persons to the fame and memory of the great dead.

And when we come to think of Thomas Wright and Cowper, Clement Shorter and the Brontës, and Marie Corelli and Shakespeare, we cannot help expressing a wish that these extraordinary collocations might be avoided. As we have already explained, our jealousy is entirely a jealousy for English letters, and there is an end of the matter. Mr. Collingridge is an ingratiating gentleman and he writes to us with perfect good temper, and it is quite evident that neither he nor his co-trustees are possessed of any but the most proper and creditable motives in asking for the £2,000 which they require. We repeat that we will quite gladly do our best to help them, but for weal or woe the affair must now drop. It is proper that we should add that Mr. Collingridge assures us that Mr. Thomas Wright was invited to act as secretary to the trustees by the donor of Cowper's house at Olney, and we will add on our own accord that we believe Mr. Wright has proved a

most efficient secretary and that he has done a large amount of work for the museum without fee or reward. We have never suggested that he should be displaced or that his father is not an efficient curator, and we make no suggestions of this kind now. If Mr. Wright had been content, as the trustees of the museum are content, not to flourish the name of Cowper so assiduously by the side of his own name, it is extremely unlikely that we should have so much as mentioned him in these columns.

Mr. Clement Shorter has been at it again.

I once declared (he writes) that I did not care for some of Mr. Chesterton's writing. I was congratulated so heartily by sundry elderly gentlemen of my acquaintance that I felt that I must be wrong. Since that day I have enjoyed many of his books, and I think that I am a much better friend to Mr. Chesterton than many of his most indiscriminate admirers.

When Mr. Shorter says that he once declared that he did not care for some of Mr. Chesterton's writings he is putting the matter rather mildly. If our memory serves us, what he did say was that, in common with a number of other distinguished persons, he found himself unable to see in Mr. Chesterton's work the great merits which were claimed for it. We do not say that these were Mr. Shorter's words or anything like them; but we believe that these words represent the sense of what he said. Now it does not distress us in the least that Mr. Shorter should have since read some of Mr. Chesterton's books with pleasure, because we knew that sooner or later Mr. Shorter would be compelled to go over to the camp of Chestertonian admiration, indiscriminate or otherwise. Mr. Shorter is a very human person, and he can no more help admiring what Dr. Nicoll and, say, the Whitefriars Club admire than he can help being Clement Shorter. For once in a way his instinct led him right when he failed to see the literary importance of Mr. Chesterton.

But the pressure exercised by Mr. Chesterton's indiscriminate admirers, and particularly, we take it, by Mr. Chesterton's well-sustained occupancy of the middle of the cheaper literary picture, has induced Mr. Shorter subconsciously to change his mind. It seems to us that herein we have a very good sample of Mr. Shorter's worth as a critic. He makes a great show of knowledge in *The Sphere* and a great show of critical faculty. We will concede him the knowledge, but not the critical faculty. We do not believe that he is capable of distinguishing good writing from bad, and there is nothing in any of his published work which shows that he really possesses literary discrimination. It was Mrs. Meynell, we think, who described Mr. Shorter's great literary effort "Sixty Years of Victorian Literature" as an "ignominious" book, and, despite what one would like to imagine to the contrary, his writings about the Brontës, on which he so plumes himself, are absolutely devoid of important or illuminating criticism. In this regard Mr. Shorter savours greatly of that assiduous grubber in dust-heaps, Mr. Thomas Wright, "of Olney." The idea that the meticulous digging up and ferreting out of scraps of entirely superfluous "information" about this, that, or the other dead author of parts amounts to criticism or biography is a mistaken and delusive idea. We do not wish to deprecate the labours of persons who specialise in biographical directions, but we do think that there should be some sort of limit to the raking up and publication of odds and ends of gossip or fact about authors with whose private affairs the world is already quite sufficiently familiar. Mr. Wright, who began with Cowper, has apparently found the last rag and the last bit of old bone that could be with any show of reason fished out of Cowper's rubbish-basket, and he has proceeded to deal with other fitting subjects for biographical investigation.

Mr. Shorter, however, sticks hard and tight to the Brontës, and he promises us yet a further work on the subject. The book will be issued from the press in due course; nobody but Mr. Shorter's friends will take much notice of it, and we do not know that it will work

any great harm. But the fact is that, though Mr. Shorter may write voluminously about the Brontë family, he is in no position to write about the Brontë books, which, after all, are the great matter. This is a fact which he should endeavour to remember and keep well before his mind's eye when he desires to indite what he believes to be criticism. As a writer of affable gossip about literary people, dead and alive, Mr. Shorter has his uses. But he is no critic, and his flippancy "climb down" in the matter of Mr. Chesterton proves it.

There is a tendency on the part of the modern man to view posterity with an indifferent eye. Posterity, he argues in the old way, has done nothing for me, and consequently there is no immediate necessity for me to trouble about posterity. In a sense this much may be admitted. On the other hand, posterity is really an affair to be thankful for, inasmuch as it will set all judgments in their proper places. And out of the mere love of accuracy it behoves people who judge, to judge as justly as they can in order that posterity may not upset their pronouncements on appeal. It is insisted, and by a certain school of writers continually insisted, that we are too close to our contemporaries to be able properly to judge them. Mr. Shorter would insist on this theory and so would Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and so would many other inept appraisers of literary wares. But it is singular that these excellent judges are never so near to a man who happens to tickle them that they cannot shout "Hosanna" before him and hand him all sorts of palms. Dr. Nicoll is rapidly becoming obsessed with the idea that Mr. Chesterton is a second Dr. Johnson. He assured us years ago that Mr. Chesterton grew more and more like Dr. Johnson every day, and he has lately told us in the *British Weekly* that it is a pity that the corner posts have been removed from Fleet Street, because Mr. Chesterton is thus deprived of opportunities for tapping at them. One wonders what Dr. Nicoll expects posterity to think about him. Does he wish to be remembered as a man who loved literature and spent his life in fostering and upholding it, or does he wish to be one of the literary laughing-stocks of the generations to come? Geniality is all very well, the encouragement of youthful talent is all very well, the filling up of literary columns with attractive matter is all very well, but the chief thing and the chief and only cause in which literary persons should engage is letters.

The "released Suffragists" appear to have had a high old time at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday morning. They were regaled to breakfast and plaudits and floral decorations and an illuminated address, which, of course, are the proper rewards of martyrdom. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence announced that on October 13th they intend to seek another interview with the Premier, so that it is quite evident that we may anticipate further scenes and further martyrdoms. But we hope that wiser counsels will prevail than appear to have prevailed on previous occasions, and that the second visit to Mr. Asquith will, like the first, be free from stone-throwing and unseemly disturbance. It transpired, during the course of the celebrations at Queen's Hall, that a sister of one of the martyrs had visited her in prison and "tried to persuade her to come out." Of course the poor young thing declined to budge, as martyrs will. Whereupon her sister wrote to Mr. Herbert Gladstone on the subject, and in his reply the Home Secretary said, "Did you tell her she would be more useful working for the cause outside?" This is exactly the kind of stupid inquiry we should have expected Mr. Gladstone to make. It does not appear to occur to him that young women who wantonly break the law and refuse to pay their fines should, as a rule, be allowed to finish their terms of imprisonment without being coaxed into "coming out" by the Home Secretary, and as for being "more useful working for the cause outside," people who make disturbances which compel the interference of the police are of small use to any cause. If they were wise, it is exactly this kind of person the Suffragists would avoid.

THE PROMISE

You know my pains, you see me in the hell
Through which I toil, hurt and uncomforted,
You see on what base errands I am sped,
And what I reap where we sowed asphodel;
And my songs are of sorrow, and I tell,
Knowing no other, tales of grief and dread:
Though I be warm I am as good as dead,
And always we can hear my passing bell.

And yet, dear Spirit, you who have kind eyes
That meet disaster with a child's amaze,
You who have got a wild rose for your lips
And are all fashioned out of Paradise;
You shall stand safe beside the sapphire bays,
And I will show you all our golden ships.

T. W. H. C.

REVIEWS NEWMAN

Cardinal Newman and his Influence on Religious Life and Thought. By CHARLES SAROLEA, D.Ph., D.Litt. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 3s.)

CARDINAL NEWMAN has now been dead for eighteen years, yet the interest surrounding his strange and magnetic personality is as keen as ever, and the forthcoming official biography by Mr. Wilfrid Ward is awaited with but ill-concealed impatience. In the meanwhile books innumerable have been written, attacking, justifying, or explaining his theological position, and there seems no reason to suppose that their number is likely to suffer any sensible diminution in the immediate future. He has been invoked by many varying schools of thought, and both the traditionalist and modernist have claimed the august sanction of his authority. To some writers he has appeared as the embodiment of an invincible scepticism, and Huxley once declared that he could compile an efficient handbook to infidelity from the writings of Newman alone. Others have seen in him the determined champion of religious authority and the implacable enemy of that spirit of inquiry which is fatal to Papal pretensions. His works, indeed, present certain apparent contradictions. He fulminated against private judgment, yet he made the human conscience the ultimate arbiter in matters of right and wrong. He accepted implicitly that theory of the priesthood which is an integral part of the Roman system, yet he resolved the Cosmos into an entity in which there existed but two clearly-perceived realities—God and his own soul. He was detested by Protestants as a renegade, distrusted by Catholics as something not far removed from a heretic, acknowledged by all as the keenest and subtlest intellect in the religious world. And to-day, it would appear, we are no nearer to a final and dispassionate estimate of his life and work than were his contemporaries. "The mystery of Newman" remains a mystery, and will perhaps for all time.

Nor does Dr. Sarolea help us much, though he has written a volume for which every student of Newman will be unfeignedly grateful. One misconception at least he has removed. A tradition of Newman has grown up in this country, and has by now taken deep root. It is that of an ascetic and pale-faced student, a recluse from the world and its ways, a shy, sad, solitary spirit. It owes its origin probably to those idealised portraits of Newman in early manhood which, as Dr. Sarolea says, are to be found in every country vicarage. But it is at complete variance with the facts of the case. Of the real Newman, the Newman that Kingsley knew, impassioned in controversy and implacable in resentment, sudden to smite, and swift

to slay, we hear little, and Dr. Sarolea in insisting on that aspect of Newman's character has rendered a useful service.

There is little to record of external incident in the life of Newman. Always before the public eye, he refrained from mingling in the accustomed ways of men. His nature struck deep roots in the soil in which it grew. Spite of the admixture of foreign blood in his veins, he was a typical Englishman, and he was never happy when away from England. He came back from Italy a complete wreck both in mind and body. The agony of soul with which he must have severed ties of friendship and association at Oxford may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be described. Oxford, and not Rome, was always the home of his affections. He carried into the Roman Catholic Church a nostalgia of the heart which found relief in impassioned utterance. Even in its decay, even when it has lapsed "to that mere level of loveliness, which in its highest perfection we admire in Athens," Oxford remained the one supreme and desirable city. And the academic traditions which he had assimilated as an Oxford tutor he retained throughout his life. It is not difficult to understand the distrust with which many of his new co-religionists regarded him, nor need we fear to accept Dr. Fairbairn's dictum that "in a very real sense, he did not cease to be an Anglican when he became a Roman Catholic."

Looking back over the last century, it is strange to reflect how entirely out of touch Newman was with the main currents of contemporary life. To him religion was the one thing that mattered, and he viewed the intrusion of alien elements into his scheme of life with ill-conceived impatience. He refused to be betrayed into any semblance of enthusiasm for objects in the pursuit of which frenetic reformers were eating out their hearts. "As to what you tell me of Archbishop Manning," he wrote to his Free-thinking brother, "I have heard that some also of our Irish Bishops think that too many drink-shops were licensed. As for me, I do not know whether we have too many or too few."

Dr. Sarolea entitles his concluding chapter "Newman and Modernism," and in the chapter immediately preceding it he asks the question, Was Newman a Liberal Catholic? This is one of those vain problems which from time to time perplex the mind of man, since, as Dr. Sarolea himself admits, the very phrase is a contradiction in terms. Certainly he provided the Church with a theory of development which sought to reconcile the historic claims of the Papacy with the concessions imperatively demanded by modern criticism, but he would have shrunk from the conclusions which some living writers have ventured to deduce from his arguments. We may dismiss a somewhat barren controversy in the words of Dr. Sarolea:

. I would only consent to call him the spiritual father of "Modernism" on the understanding that children often bear very little resemblance to their parents, and that parents cannot be held responsible for the deeds of their offspring.

The book contains a few errors of fact quite pardonable in a foreigner. Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope were not contemporary writers, nor does Jeremy Taylor belong to the seventeenth century, both of which propositions are assumed by Dr. Sarolea on page 15. Finally, it is incorrect to speak of Bishop Wilberforce as "the leader of the Anglo-Catholic party." Bishop Wilberforce was an old-fashioned High Churchman, who had neither sympathy with nor tolerance for Anglo-Catholic ideals and practices.

THE CALL OF THE LAND

The Townsman's Farm. By "HOME COUNTIES." (Cassell and Co., Limited, 6s. net.)

THIS interesting book, whose appearance is proved by the recent discussions at the British Association to be opportune, might be called the story of specialism in agriculture, for it shows that no man in existing circumstances can be an all-round farmer, and shows also that to be able to hold his own in any one branch of farming he must

possess, in addition to energy and industry, considerable business capacity and powers of judgment. These things would hardly need showing, so clearly do they lie on the surface, were it not that all that section of the world which knows nothing of agriculture—not a negligible fraction now that aggregation in towns has become a problem pleading for solution among most civilised peoples—seems resolved to believe that the occupation of the farmer can be carried on in an adequate manner by any dullard:

Every chapter of this book (says the author) has been written with a desire to help men and women with whose misunderstanding of some aspect of country life and industry I have become acquainted.

And if this only meant that the townsman knows nothing of soils or crops, of stocks or produce, the ignorance would have no great significance. We should not be surprised at the farmer's inability to conduct a discount broker's office or to diagnose an abdominal tumour; and similarly we need not wonder at the inability of the townsman to estimate the probable yield of a field of barley, or even to tell whether the crop in the field is swedes, mangel, kohlrabi, or turnips. But the farmer is not prone to think that finance or surgery can be learned by instinct and practised by fatheads; why should so many town-dwellers make the mistake of estimating the farmer's wits so lowly? We confess that we cannot guess the reason for a state of mind which a ten minutes' sojourn in the country ought to alter, but which often remains unchanged in men who live large portions of their lives surrounded by fields. To the farmer belongs the credit of appreciating the situation—he is the shrewder citizen in that he knows alike his work and his limitations. The ignorance which "Home Counties" has had to combat among his acquaintances is, we feel sure, rather the fundamental ignorance which ignores the difficulties of the agricultural life than the pardonable unfamiliarity with—say—the details of the poultry industry or the social economy of the hive. Not only have his friends known nothing of farming, but many of them have believed that there is little to know.

The uncommercial enthusiasm of the intelligent townsman for the country, his hearty wish to see himself there, and—at a suitable distance from his own holding—many of his fellow-townsmen also, are, as "Home Counties" finds them, pleasing enough. And sentiments which have always been so reasonable, increase in wisdom daily as the burdensome nature of town life becomes more obvious. Certain great cities, in the North of England especially, have always been intolerable places to live in, and it has been generally assumed that no one would ever stay there if business arguments did not prevail—either the luckless resident cannot get employment away from them, or he makes so much money in and by their grime and steam that he reckons the balance of possible happiness, when struck, to be on the credit side, and remains because the advantages outweigh the disabilities. But certain other cities have, until recent times, been esteemed very good in which to make a home; the aggregation of souls into one community had not caused in them either too obviously painful conditions of poverty and disease, or that amount of noise, dirt, worry, and stress which gives to phlegmatic persons, who can disregard it, an undue chance in business. This nice state of affairs is now a good deal altered. The amenities of life in large towns have disappeared save for the very rich, while a rapidly developing humanitarianism, among other things, is laying upon the citizen an ever increasing load of taxation. The result is that the number of townsmen whose eyes turn longingly to the fields is becoming very great—it is, in fact, the dream of thousands to quit moiling on the pavements, and to get back to Nature as far as Nature is represented by an eight-roomed house, the necessary out-buildings, and fifty acres of land at the least. It is to these people that "Home Counties" chiefly addresses his teaching, and over and over again, even when he seems to be trying to say the reverse, his words relegate the townsman who sighs to get back to the land to the inevitable position of an amateur. He can farm, but he must do it for fun. Money

can be made out of farming, out of all sorts of farming; and in farming, as in other pursuits, money will breed money if money is handled upon right financial principles. There might therefore be a chance of the townsman using the experience got in a past commercial career to manage, for example, the financial side of a large milk business; but this would mean that the business was so large that other people were responsible for the farming. The townsman finding his proper place in such a concern would only be showing the aptitude that he would have been expected to display in a City office; he is in no way proving his ability to adapt himself to the life of a farmer.

Apart from such ways of deriving profit from agricultural pursuits as might be employed in any shop, the townsman has little chance of earning beyond his keep in the country—that is the conclusion that is forced on the reader of this book, though the actual words are not used. At any rate in a small holding, chosen as much for the beauty of the site as for the promise of fertility, he can hardly hope to make a profit out of his undertaking. It is therefore a matter of fortunate fact that he seldom attempts to do so. He soon finds that even if he acquire, with pain and perseverance, the principles of practical farming in whatever branches he decides to take up, he would have to work early and late, all day and every day, in the application of the principles, while the profits would be calculated in shillings. Enjoyment of the sort which he promised himself, leisure and freedom from anxiety, the delight of procrastination and the relief from responsibility—none of these would come his way, for his time would be all too short in which to do the things that must be done, unless of course he employed others to do a great part of the work, which must mean the immediate and complete absorption of all profits. "Home Counties" quotes the view of an experienced agriculturist on the chances of the townsman making such a holding as fifty acres pay, and the gist of this old bucolic hand's contribution to the subject is that, while there is a possibility of good fortune for an industrious man with gumption and capital, the odds against any individual's success are at least twenty to one. We do not think the figure at all an exaggerated one, for up and down the country-side there are scores of men coming to grief on small holdings for lack, they say, of luck or capital—and their neighbours say of knowledge and industry. To complain of lack of capital is seldom an ingenuous way of stating the case, for it implies that the unsuccessful man would have made farming pay if he had had more money to put into the business. As a matter of fact, the capital which he wanted was the sum upon the interest of which he could have lived comfortably while making good the annual deficit upon his farming operations. The two situations are not identical.

Let us not, however, discourage any one from trying his chances on the land, for there can be no doubt that the conditions which prevail in country life are more sane and sanitary than those in town. The essential thing only is that the townsman must not go back to the land with any cut-and-dried schemes based upon the proposition that he will make money. There are many branches of farming, and if he has a good deal of capital and is dry-nursed throughout by an honest and capable agent he may secure a profit as a sleeping partner—for that is what he will be virtually; but this sort of person is not under consideration. We are thinking of the man who rusticates in order to farm, because he believes the farmer's life to be a good one, and he must be content to put down as his only probable returns the improvement in his life and the economies in his annual and weekly budget. His outdoor work will be healthy, the rent of his house will be low, his rates and taxes—even though he select a highly-rated county—will be so small in comparison with what he has been paying in a city that he will discharge the demands with affability, and an important part of his outlay in food will go to secure provisions at the bottom price. If the townsman is content to regard all these things as his profits, and as the only profits on which he

can count, he may make a happy choice in returning to the soil. But even so he takes a risk. Consider what happened to many English farmers during the last two or three days of August and the opening week of this month. Standing grain has been beaten down by the rain-storms, gales have smashed the hop-bines, much barley has been hopelessly damaged, potato-lands have been ruined in numerous districts. Many farmers who at the end of August could legitimately count upon respectable profits will now have to put up with losses. Fortitude is required to bear such crises, and the townsman will soon learn that, however low he may put his aspirations for money, there may be a surprise in store for him which will call for all the equanimity that he can master.

A LONELY PEOPLE

In the Abruzzi. By ANNE MACDONELL. With Twelve Illustrations after Water-colour Drawings by Amy Atkinson. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

To that extensive section of the English population for whom the name "Italian" signifies pestilential organ-grinders, obsequious waiters, and nondescript ice-cream purveyors, this book would come as a revelation; and even those who have "done" Italy with the aid of a Baedeker and a ten-day excursion to Rome (extension to Naples so much extra), would begin to realise, on reading it, that a couple of modernised towns, however dynamic with historical associations, do not comprise the whole of a country's beauty or interest. The difference between the average intelligent tourist and the capable traveller is well emphasised in this volume; our authoress, her mind brimming with information on the whole district of the Abruzzi, wanders from village to village, gathering a legend here, a folk-song there, a fragment of gossip about the Rossettis or d'Annunzio somewhere else, never intruding her personality unduly, but on every page betraying a wealth of knowledge and a grip of the forces which have moulded this extraordinary people that leaves the reader admiring and almost ashamed. The specialist is too often apt to become a bore; we are grateful for one who is not.

The wild land that gives the book its title, "set apart from the rest of Italy by its untamable configuration and the rigour of its winter climate," lies between the Apennines and the Adriatic Sea, a land strange, uncouth, primitive, little distant from Rome in mileage, but incalculably distant in everything else. It is one of those strips of country which by their very fashioning seem eternally secure from the spoiling hand of the modern—and this in spite of the occasional railway and the emigration of the younger men. For, unlike the Russian and a good proportion of the English, the Abruzzesi, having gone to America, does not send home for his wife and children, but almost invariably returns to the rocky hamlet of his birth; the memories of the sun and snow and wood fires pull too strongly at his heart-strings for him ever to be happy abroad. Strangely enough, to English ears, London is scarcely known, while New York is a familiar name to the inhabitants! "Were it not for the money made in America," says Miss (?) Macdonell, "the people could not live."

Old customs and ceremonies—"the broken poetry out of an older world," she prettily terms them—die hard. The chapter on "Religion in the Abruzzi" gives an account of some of the surviving ones:

The *talami* are what we should call *tableaux vivants*. A *talamo* is a portable scenic platform. At the back of it rises a triangular wall on which is hung whatever little scenery is needed—for instance, a yellow wooden disc represents the light of day. In front of this, and well raised, sits a child Madonna, and at the sides are two children dressed as angels. In the foreground are the personages of the Scriptural story to be represented—nowadays nearly always children. As the *talami* are carried on the shoulders of men the little actors are tied on securely, though, indeed, they sit or stand with much solemn dignity, and would never disgrace the occasion by toppling over. Generally, at least half-a-dozen of these *talami* are prepared,

stationed at various points of the village for a given time, after which they are moved on in the procession, headed by the particular virgin or saint of the festa, so that all the *tableaux* are gradually shown along the whole route, amid the singing and shouting of the crowds and the cracking of squibs.

In Sulmona at Eastertide

The statue of Christ is placed on an altar under one of the aqueduct arches looking over the market-place. The statues of all the local saints are then brought out of the churches and made to defile round Him in adoration. Then their bearers set off with them at a run. They are hurrying to tell His Mother that He is risen. She, housed in the Church of the Tomba in the meanwhile, is now carried out and run hastily down to the altar under the aqueduct, and Mother and Son meet.

This the authoress calls a "pretty Easter absurdity." But why absurdity? It is not absurd to those who share. For our part we shall be very sorry if the day ever dawns when these beautiful and symbolic celebrations are no more. There seems to be danger of that day:

Young Italy stands in the magnificent valley of the Sagittario, his scornful back turned on the sentimentalist rapt in the wonder of the towering crags, of the human aëries, of the snowy horizon. But Young Italy's eyes are glowing, too, as he calculates the tonnage of the roaring torrent that rushes down the cliff. He hears the smiting of many mighty hammers and the whirr of giant machines, and dreams of a time when the shepherds will come down from their pastures and the peasants from their fields, and make a bonfire of their crooks and wooden ploughs, and when all of them will be "hands" to feed a mammoth engine for the enrichment of some captain of industry from Milan.

Then will follow a Socialist party, a Labour split, and—horrible thought—perhaps Suffragettes.

Brigandage naturally comes in for a fair share of attention. The times are past when Giosaffate Tallarico—delightful, audacious desperado!—would come down into the village, wearied of mountain solitude, for an evening's amusement at the theatre, secure from molestation. Not so long past, though; he had a full pardon—and a pension—in 1844. The troubles of the country in these years of grace are somewhat different:

Even in its prosperity Avezzano does not take itself very seriously as a lodging-place for travellers. This fact was emphasised to us by the extreme depression of a waiter at our inn. He was a Roman, and his standard was doubtless too lofty. Still, we owned he had reason for lowliness of spirits when we found him hour after hour, day after day, sitting in a dark passage on the landing, that he might be ready to calm the fury of guests rushing out of bedroom doors after trying for the twentieth time to ring bells that had never rung within any one's memory. "Tutt' è rotto qui!" he moaned, in a voice that might have heralded the death of an empire. Now, the native waiter downstairs was a more philosophic person. When, morning after morning, you could get no coffee, because the coffee-pot was broken and the new one expected from Rome every day, he announced the fact as a simple happening of Nature. The leaves fall in autumn; and do not coffee-pots, too, have their seasons of decay and death? He was sympathetic, but not so to any lowering degree. Thus did he disarm complaints, and was almost as good a stimulant as the missing coffee.

There are some very illuminating passages on the *improvisatore*—the ballad-makers of the land. When once we remember that Christina Rossetti was the daughter of a noted *improvisatore*, we have a new light on the spontaneity and exquisite simplicity of her best work. We can explain to some extent the charm of the poem "When I am dead, my dearest":

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet,
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

This is improvisation pure and simple, and well-nigh perfect. "The final word is there when the vision is rapidly translated, or it is never there." The authoress is writing of Dante Gabriel Rossetti:

He, too, was *improvisatore*, disciplined by living among conscious artists. And for his pictorial vision, expressed in art

and poetry, it is of the race that still utters its religious faith and experience in "representations," that must bring heaven and the saints on to a little earthly stage to vivify the dry bones of everyday living, and make ballads about them, to utter the conviction that saints and "blessed damozels" are more present and living companions than kinsfolk and neighbours.

Of the other Gabriel, d'Annunzio, whom the Abruzzesi seem to value highly, we have two or three interesting glimpses—with a rather acute suggestion:

To-day the province is very proud of its living poet. The stern, austere mountains—and d'Annunzio! It seems impossible to think of them together. But under the rock there is the fire; and behind the mountains are sheltered, perfumed valleys. And if passion and sweetness do not sum up all that is in this child of our own time, then let us add that he is Pescara; that Pescara is built on the low marshlands by the sea, and is not above the suspicion of malaria. D'Annunzio bears in his heart a strong love for his native province, and in his countrymen's pride in him there is not the shadow of criticism. . . . They play his plays, even in the little towns; and in the little wooden Teatro d'Ovidio at Sulmona there is such deafening applause as almost to bring the crazy structure about your ears on a d'Annunzio night. . . . He is a Southerner—impetuous, luxuriant, and sensuous. In fine, he is an Abruzzese *improvisatore* of genius, who has wandered to far-away courts, got tainted with foreign corruption, become enamoured of strange beauties, but who charms the big world outside oftentimes with song from his own seashore and his mountains.

Taking the book as a whole, it is as far above the ordinary descriptive volume of trivial experiences of travel as can well be imagined; indeed, some readers might consider that it erred in being a trifle too austere, for the writer evidently possesses a charming humour which now and then bubbles upon the stream of her erudition. The twelve illustrations in colour have been happily chosen to represent the steep hillside villages, but judging pictures from reproductions is at any time a thankless task. The majority of them appear to be a little harsh; there are three notable exceptions—Tagliacozzo, Roccaraso, and Pettorano—whose originals we should very much like to see. "A Shepherd's Village" had been better omitted. A bibliography and a good index round off this most satisfactory book.

HASSAN

By *Desert Ways to Baghdad*. By LOUISA JEBB. (T. Fisher Unwin, 10s. net.)

THE authoress will forgive us our choice of a title for our notice of her most interesting book. For, perhaps unintentionally, she has fixed in our minds as the central figure—or the figurehead, as she herself calls him—of her wanderings with her anonymous friend "X" the personality of the worthy Turk whose name appears above.

Somehow in such wanderings, with their dash of danger, their days of weariness, of excitement and novelty, and, above all, their unforgettable freedom, it is always such a figure which stands out in after-days. Rudyard Kipling once said concerning East and West that "never the two can meet." Of the East that is India it is true; of the East that is surely the cradle of the world, and that lies between Troy and Babylon, it is unutterably untrue. And every one who has travelled over the ancient ways of that region, if he travelled with eyes and heart open, has brought back with him a friendship like that which is recorded in these pages.

The newness of the outlook which is set down here is due, however, to the sex of the travellers, and, whether by accident or design, the spirit of romance has crept into the telling. A woman's point of view in the most ordinary matters of everyday life is always incomprehensible and generally irritating to the average man. But in more primitive surroundings and face to face with more elementary necessities, though it becomes no whit more comprehensible, it loses much of its spirit of antagonism. There are times when Miss Jebb rouses us to wrath, and there are moments when we feel a wild desire to slap "X." But they are very few and far between, and they come as a surprise. On the whole we feel a high admiration for the pluck of

these ladies in enduring discomforts which for the most part were unnecessary, and we recognise with respect the entirely womanly characteristic of stubborn determination—some unpleasant people would have called it obstinacy—which carried them through their self-imposed task. And the outcome of the whole story is that we have come to regard two people whom at first we were inclined to suspect of "views" as very courageous, charming, and womanly women. This may read like an unnecessary excursion into personalities, but a book which is so personal and intimate cannot but endue the individuality of its principal actors with a paramount interest, and if we are to see the scenes of their experiences with their eyes we are bound first of all to understand them, so far as we may, and it depends very largely upon the extent of our understanding and liking for themselves whether we are to be able to understand, and to like, the story told by their spokeswoman.

There is no need to emphasise the fact that we like the story. It is a good one well told. And, being told by a woman, it is more about people than places. The route followed, the scenery, the modes of travel, horse and mule, train and river, are all scarcely more than a series of back-grounds for lively sketches of character, of types, of incidents. There is, as it were, no ulterior motive about the journey. Any other journey which ensured open-air conditions would have done just as well. The route was a line drawn almost at haphazard upon the map, and followed blindly throughout its course:

We were fully agreed upon one fundamental point—that we should choose a country which could be reached otherwise than by sea; and that, having reached it, its nature should be such that we could travel indefinitely without reaching the sea.

X—took a pencil and marked a straight line from Constantinople, across the Anatolian Plateau and the Taurus Mountains, to Tarsus. "That looks a good point to make for," she said. "Alexander led an army over the Taurus." Then, having stopped within measurable distance of the sea, she drew her pencil eastwards across the Euphrates to a point on the Tigris high up in the Kurdistan Mountains; from here she drew another line following the Tigris to Baghdad. At this point we were coming dangerously near the sea, so, turning back, she marked a line in the contrary direction, across the Syrian Desert, to Damascus.

"That will do for a start," she said; "We can fill in the details when we get there."

That is the right way to start on such a journey—up to a certain point. But even in the timeless East it has its disadvantages. The present reviewer has been over much of the ground covered by the authoress in such happy-go-lucky fashion. But although he did not "go Cook," he went, so far as he can judge, more comfortably than she and her companion. "Roughing it" for its own sake is not a man's ideal of travel—witness the incident of the young man at Jezireh:

When he had departed "X" and I thought it over.

"You bet," I said fretfully, "he will have a five-course dinner to-night, on a table, with clean plates and knives for each course, and probably a camp-chair to sit on."

"Yes," said "X," "and a looking-glass hung on the wall of his tent, and hot water and a clean towel."

And that's what a man calls roughing it!

After all, a looking-glass does not take up much room, and it might have spared the ladies some perturbation as to their personal appearance on this momentous occasion. The true traveller never "roughs it" on purpose. He has to do it quite often enough by accident as a rule.

Yet these ladies are of the stuff that travellers are made of. Despite the simple telling of the story, and the complete absence of all self-appreciation, it is possible to read between the lines of a courage and coolness in the presence of real danger, of an unflinching sense of humour, smoothing over those dangerous moments in which one's fellow-travellers seem to have been devised expressly to annoy one, and of that essential capability for feather-bed resistance to obstacles which is of first-rate importance in countries where hurry and bustle are not only undignified but useless. The writer of this notice has run for his life before a crowd of fanatics very much like the crowd

which resented X's intrusion beyond the chains which surround the great mosque at Samarah: but, even for the life of him he doubts whether he could have walked before such a crowd, though probably it would have been the safer plan. It takes an uncommon degree of sheer courage, under such circumstances, to put off being afraid till the danger is safely over. But then, as we have said, women are incomprehensible creatures; for with it all, X confesses that she always fires a revolver with her eyes shut! And, all this time, it seems that we have said nothing about Hassan. Well, Hassan is there all the time, and the best way to get to know him is to read the book—it will not be wasted time. And it is the only way to share

the memory of a simple-minded, honourable man, a trusted friend, a pleasant companion, and a devoted servant, who, whether he was sharing the discomforts and dangers of winter travel in a wild and lawless country, or experiencing the joyous freedom of the roaming desert life we loved so well, or enduring the terrors of critical and carping civilisation, invariably put us in the foremost place, and without swerving an inch from the traditions of his race, never offended the susceptibilities of ours.

If we must grumble—and it is rather ungracious to grumble at a book which we have found hard to put down—we will only grumble at the few pages of semi-Biblical language in which Hassan is described, with the wanderings of Terah as a running accompaniment, and at the surprising excuse for spinsterhood put forward by the ladies more than once in the course of their travels—namely, that in England the women are more powerful than the men, and that the men are afraid of the women. The statement is so painfully near the truth—though not, we should have thought, in the case of those who made it. And all our grumbling does not amount to much when we add to our hearty recommendation of the book the refreshing intelligence that there is not a date or an "improving fact" in it from one end to the other. It is simply the record of a journey, with all its ups and downs, made by real women among real people—a record which makes you wish you had been there, seeing and knowing these folk, as the authoress and her friend saw and knew them.

THE PEASANT AND CO-OPERATION

Co-operation at Home and Abroad. By C. R. FAY. (King and Son, 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. FAY has devoted much ability and industry, and the science of Cambridge and the London School of Economics to the service of a rather hackneyed subject. Co-operation is one of the "causes" which evoke a kind of fanaticism; and Co-operators are generally, like teetotallers, enthusiasts with a dash of fanaticism. So that since Owen, the prince of economic fanatics, began the movement there has been a continuous flood of writing and speech on all phases of the Co-operative movement. Mr. Fay gives a bibliography of twelve pages; and he states that he has collected several hundred books, reports, and pamphlets. As far as our own country is concerned Mr. Fay cannot suppose that any one who wants to learn anything about Co-operativism here will have any difficulty in procuring information. But various forms of the movement have spread over the Continent so that there are few countries in Europe which do not afford opportunities for comparison and contrast with the system that flourishes in England. To the British devotee, therefore, of the principle which is apparently to him almost the test case of the world's progress towards the economic millennium, Mr. Fay's book will be a valuable addition to his already extensive stock. Mr. Fay has applied himself to the study with all the zeal of a student lately liberated from the schools and anxious to commend his efforts "to the University of Cambridge for a grant from the Works Fund for the purpose of Continental travel, and to the London School of Economics, where he has held the Shaw Research Studentship, 1906-8." We can hardly admit,

however, that even that part of Mr. Fay's work which describes the German land banks and the agricultural co-operative societies can be strictly considered as the product of original research. Mr. Fay supplies much interesting information as to the working of the Schulze-Delitzsch Union and the Raiffeisen Union, especially the latter, which is not so well known; but this is scarcely research, though the information is somewhat unfamiliar.

More important than this academic point is the question whether the delineation of the German system will be of use in dealing with our own land question. Whether it will be or no depends largely on what is to come of the attempt to set up peasant occupancy in England. Here our latest enterprise with this object is the present Government's Small Holdings Act; and by Socialist instigation, instead of peasant-proprietorship, there has been set up peasant lesseeship under the County Councils—a totally different matter. In Germany there is a body of actual peasant-proprietors who only needed the help of good land banks and the aid of co-operative buying and selling for them to realise the full magic of property. This possibility has been denied to the English peasant. Again, in Denmark and Norway, where co-operation has produced such wonderful results, the small farmers are owners. In Ireland the preliminary transformation has been to make of peasant-tenants peasant-owners. There is much to be said on both sides as to large against small farming. In lieu of the best chapters of his book on "Co-operation and Agricultural Revolution" and "Co-operation and Land Tenure" Mr. Fay endeavours to show that modern changes are tending to re-establish the small farmer in an advantageous economic position. Sir Horace Plunkett at the recent meeting of the British Association discussed the same question. Speaking from his experience in Ireland, he showed clearly that there is no miraculous virtue in peasant proprietorship of itself to bring prosperity to small farmers. The real question is not one merely between large farmers and small farmers, but of the institution of a whole system of rural economic machinery, which at present hardly exists at all in this country. Co-operative farming is clearly indicated by the success it has had in other countries—as necessary if our yet-to-be-created peasant proprietary is to have any chance when it comes into existence. It is to be remembered that in all those countries with the exception of Denmark they are under Protection, and not Free Trade. But whatever effect this difference might have on the prosperity of the British peasant-farmer, the peasant-proprietor, even in protected countries, has had to help himself through Co-operation. In England, *a fortiori* he would have to do so. The emergence of these questions and the prominence Mr. Fay gives them in his book redeems it from the triteness which a formal discussion of ordinary Co-operation must have for any one who has so much as heard of the tragicomic struggle between the retail trader and the store.

BROAD AND "LONG"

MR. LONG SHUFFLES

IN our issue of September 5th we pointed out to Mr. John Long and to Mr. Wales that there are laws in this country which prohibit the sale of indecent books, and we asked Mr. Long on that account to withdraw from circulation Mr. Wales's book "The Yoke." A whole week went past, but we heard nothing from Mr. Long or from Mr. Wales. On Monday last the Editor of THE ACADEMY wrote to Mr. Long in the following terms:—

DEAR SIR,—As I find that a book called "The Yoke," bearing your *imprimatur*, is being sold openly by certain booksellers and newsagents, I should be glad if you would please inform me whether it is your intention to withdraw the book from circulation. I propose to take certain serious steps in the matter, and I write this letter because it may be possible that the book has already been withdrawn and that the

copies we see about are merely copies which you have not been able to call in.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

On the same day Mr. Long replied as follows:—

SIR,—"The Yoke." I received late this afternoon your letter of the 14th inst. touching on the circulation of the above novel. I have only this day returned to town from a month's holiday, and the matter is now having my attention.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN LONG.

To this letter no reply was made. On Friday morning Mr. Long sent us a second letter, which we reproduce:

SIR,—"The Yoke." I have drawn the author's attention to your article upon this book, and I should be glad if you would print his reply (which I enclose) in your next issue.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN LONG.

Lord Alfred Douglas,

THE ACADEMY, 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

Before dealing with Mr. Wales's "reply" we must deal with Mr. Long. We have accused John Long, of 13 and 14 Norris Street, Haymarket, London, publisher, of circulating for gain an indecent and improper book, entitled "The Yoke." We have accused him of putting this book on the market broadcast, at one shilling a copy, with a view to making as much sale as possible among the people, and we have shown him that by so doing he renders himself liable to be criminally prosecuted and sentenced to fine or imprisonment. And in order that he might have proper opportunities for assuring himself of the correctness of our view—respecting which, however, as a decent man he can have no two opinions—we suggested that he should consult a priest of his own Church—the Roman Catholic Church, by the way—or a magistrate, or any recognised publicist, and that he should act on the advice such a person would be bound to give him—namely, to withdraw "The Yoke" from circulation. Now, if Mr. Long did not know in his heart that we were right, and that it is, as a fact, necessary in the public interest that the sale of "The Yoke" should be stopped, he would either have proceeded against this journal for libel or sent us some statement of his belief that "The Yoke" is a decent book and proper to be read by anybody who can compass a shilling for its purchase. Nay, in view of the dubious and questionable nature of the story, he would, one imagines, have gone a step further and asserted that not only was the book decent, but that it was calculated to edify and have a beneficial effect upon the minds of the persons who read it. But Mr. Long has practically declined to take either of these responsibilities upon his shoulders. He has been away for a month's holiday forsooth—sunning himself on the front at Brighton, let us say—what time the youth and maidenhood of the country are buying "The Yoke" at one shilling and swelling Mr. Long's profits, which must already have run into thousands of pounds. Then, even after his month's holiday, Mr. Long can only bring himself to bestow upon "the matter" his "attention." And with what results? Would it not have been honest and decent of him to read this foul story once again, and to have said flatly, "I see here nothing objectionable, and I shall publish what I like"? or, "THE ACADEMY has spoken the truth with regard to this book, and I make no bones about withdrawing it." Nobody would have blamed him for either course; rather the reverse. But, poor hesitating soul that he is, he will shuffle his plain responsibilities off his own shoulders and on to the shoulders of his partner in dubiety, Mr. Hubert Wales. In our article on September 5th we told Mr. Wales quite distinctly that we should not discuss with him matters of philosophy. And, because we gave him that assurance Mr. Wales has very carefully based his "reply" to our article—extracted from him

by Mr. Long—on a question of philosophy, and on a question of philosophy only. He heads his letter "The Metaphysics of Love," and he quotes Schopenhauer, and asks us to deny that "every kind of love, however ethereal it may be, springs entirely from the instincts of sex." This is Schopenhauer's statement, and we will merely say of it that it will not hold water, inasmuch as it is obviously false, because it takes no account of, say, the love of a mother for her child, the love of a father for his son, the love of a friend for a friend, and the love of God, which last is a matter of which even Mr. Long and Mr. Wales may have some knowledge. But the question before us, and the question we propounded in our article, is not a question of metaphysics or philosophy or love at all. It is a question as to the decency or indecency of Mr. Wales's book, and it is a question as to whether Mr. Long and Mr. Wales should be allowed to break the laws of the country, flagrantly, wantonly, and for their own profit, without scath or impunity. We have given Mr. Long and Mr. Wales every possible chance and consideration. They could have saved their faces and their hides any time during the past fourteen days; but they preferred to shilly-shally, and they believed that they could hoodwink us. We are therefore sending copies of "The Yoke" and of THE ACADEMY articles about it, and of the correspondence which has taken place between us and Mr. Long, to three persons—His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, the Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard, and the Public Prosecutor. We are willing to abide by the decision of these gentlemen, who we feel will place their duty to the people of this country before any other consideration. Lest Mr. Wales should set up the cry that there is that in his letter which constitutes a reply to our article we print what he says word for word, but we do so with the reservation that it has absolutely nothing to do with the main issue:

THE METAPHYSICS OF LOVE
To the Editor of "The Academy"

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a belated attack which has been directed upon me by THE ACADEMY, for the reason, as I gather from a perusal of the article, that I have committed myself to the pronouncement that the fundamental instincts are the base of all sexual love, however superficially etherealised, and have founded a book upon it. Since this was written I have discovered that the same thing was stated by Schopenhauer, in almost identical words, in his essay on "The Metaphysics of Love."

Every kind of love, however ethereal it may be, springs entirely from the instinct of sex; indeed, it is absolutely this instinct, only in a more definite, specialised, and perhaps, strictly speaking, more individualised form.

This, I observe, you call foul and filthy philosophy. Perhaps you will state the alternative explanation of the phenomena of love which meets with your support?

Faithfully yours,

HUBERT WALES.

September 15, 1908.

Surely we have here the feeblest of attempts to draw a red herring across the track. Mr. Wales's book is not an essay in philosophy, but a pornographic novel, and as such, and such only, can we consent to discuss it.

DR. CLIFFORD'S GOVERNMENT

THIS most inept of Governments surely surpassed its own contemptible record last week. The intervention of Mr. Asquith at the last moment in the arrangements of the Eucharistic Congress, and his surrender to an insignificant and intellectually negligible body of ignorant and malignant fanatics, seem almost incredible. Truly *il ne manquait que cela*; it was necessary that Mr. Asquith should show, once for all, to what lengths he was prepared to go in deference to mob clamour. It was necessary for the instruction of those who have not yet realised the depths of degradation to which under his leadership this country

has been reduced that this surrender to the vilest should take place, and that it should take place in the most abject and despicable manner. Mr. Asquith's pretty attempt to put pressure on Archbishop Bourne to make him abandon the procession bearing the Holy Sacrament, while concealing his (Mr. Asquith's) responsibility for its abandonment, would be laughable if it were not contemptible. Mr. Asquith's communication, if you please, "was purely confidential, and must not be published." If Mr. Asquith, in putting pressure on the Archbishop to abandon a ceremony which had been arranged with Mr. Asquith's full knowledge and with the consent and support of the Home Office months ago, was doing a righteous and proper thing, why did he desire that his communication should be kept private? The lamb-like innocence of imagining that such a momentous step could be kept private is obvious enough; but what of the state of mind of a man who says in effect: "I am Prime Minister; I have at the last moment, in deference to representations made by the Protestant Alliance, Mr. Kensit, and other enlightened people, changed my mind as to the desirability of this procession. It must not take place, but please don't let any one know that I am responsible for stopping it"? Is this the language of a man who is doing his duty and who is performing an unpleasant task in deference to a sense of what is right and his own responsibility? We think that even the members of the Protestant Alliance will hardly maintain that it is. This wonderful body of "stalwart" Protestants assembled "in its thousands," so to speak, on Sunday last at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, to celebrate the joy it felt at the prohibition of the procession. To be exact the number of "stalwarts" was five hundred, and we doubt whether all told they could beat up one thousand able-bodied men in London to join them in their evil rejoicings. The plain fact is that there was no popular hostility to the procession; the crowd and the populace generally were kindly and sympathetic, and the disappointment at the loss of the procession was almost as keenly felt among the general public as among the Roman Catholics who had arranged it. Let Mr. Asquith hear and admire the words of his supporters. Mr. J. A. Kensit, at Caxton Hall on Sunday, said:

Protestantism stood for liberty . . . the abandoned procession would have been a gross licence of the liberty allowed to all under the British flag (*sic*). If the procession had started there would undoubtedly have been a riot. A Voice: The flour and water would have been thrown on the roadway. (Prolonged applause.) Continuing, Mr. Kensit said Mr. Asquith deserved the thanks of every law-abiding citizen, etc.

We hope Mr. Asquith is proud of his friends. The suggestion made by the young and budding Kensit that if the procession had started there would have been a riot is of course the wildest nonsense. We have no doubt that Kensit and his five hundred or so of fellow-idiots would have done their best to make a disturbance, but five hundred people would have been utterly unable to make even a trivial impression on such a vast assembly. We don't suppose that there is a single subject in the wide world on which it would not be possible in London to find not five hundred only but five thousand dissentients, and if the vapourings of any small body of irresponsible mischief-mongers are to be taken seriously, we may as well take it that it will be impossible in future ever to hold a public meeting at all for fear of a riot. Consider the demonstration in favour of the Licensing Bill. Here was a huge organised meeting gathered together with the avowed object of bolstering up a measure which is utterly repugnant to at least three million people in London. Did any fear of a possible riot prevent Mr. Asquith from giving his support and encouragement to the scheme, and, as a matter of hard fact, did not this very demonstration take place without the smallest trouble or disturbance? How, in the face of that, can Mr. Asquith or any one else (apart, of course, from a member of the Protestant Alliance or an *échappé de Bedlam*) pretend that his action was justified by fears of a riot? If, on the other hand, Mr. Asquith is rash enough to say that his reasons for stopping the procession were solely and simply that it was illegal, we

shall politely take leave to inform him that we are unable to accept his explanation. Mr. Asquith knew weeks, if not months, ago that the procession was to be arranged, and if he had had any qualms about its legality it would have been the simplest thing in the world immediately to have informed the authorities that it could not be allowed to take place. No grievance would then have been felt by anybody. One is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Asquith's latest performance is simply on a par with his other political performances. In other words, his eleventh-hour prohibition of the procession was merely another vote-catching device. Mr. Asquith reckoned that his dear Nonconformist friends would be pleased, and that his action would be a valuable party scoop. To bring about this desirable consummation he was perfectly ready to outrage the feelings and wound in their tenderest place the susceptibilities of a few million Roman Catholics, and to ruin in the eyes of the world the reputation of this country for hospitality, tolerance, and liberality. Once again we believe Mr. Asquith has woefully miscalculated the nature of his fellow-countrymen. His deep-rooted determination to believe against all evidence that the people with votes are heartless, ruthless and vindictive persons, who have neither sense of justice nor conscience, and whose only object in politics is to make their opponents suffer, is a dismal and foolish fallacy. We doubt if his cruel and cowardly attack on the Eucharistic Congress has won him a single friend outside the ranks of the Protestant Alliance. We believe that people of all parties are, on the whole, united in sympathy with the Roman Catholics on this occasion, and we believe that Mr. Asquith is looked upon by London in this respect at the best as a tiresome meddler. The average Londoner looked on at the progress of this great spiritual manifestation with respectful sympathy. He was impressed by the gentle, earnest beauty of the movement, and he no more desired to see the procession interfered with than he desired to see the Roman Catholic Cathedral rased to the ground. The Salvation Army is allowed to have processions daily and hourly—noisy and ugly and vulgar enough processions they are too—but nobody dreams of interfering with it. Bands of blousy females, bearing idiotically-inscribed banners and singing doggerel songs, are allowed to parade the streets, cheered on by their male "comrades" and supported and protected by the police; in short, every species of procession is permitted and always has been permitted for the last fifty years in this free country. But when a great, noble, and beautiful ceremony to the service of beauty and the glory of God is to be performed, it is forsooth suddenly and arbitrarily put a stop to by the interference of the second-rate Nonconformist lawyer whom for its sins and its follies this country has to endure as its Prime Minister. Will the country ever forget the lesson of these ignominious and humiliating years since the General Election? If so, then truly we can say, "Ichabod, the glory has departed."

DRAKE AT THE GAIETY

THERE is a fact about English poetry which nobody seems adequately to have recognised. And it is this: the contemporary poet is of necessity hard put to it for symbols or—shall we say?—ornaments and decorations. Of course the rose, the lily, and the precious metals, silver and gold—not to mention the more precious stones, sapphire, ruby, pearl, diamond, opal, turquoise, and even tourmaline, jade, agate, and so forth—these symbols (and it is astonishing how persistently they recur in contemporary verse) are still among the possessions of humanity and still exercise their fascination over persons who put their "dreams" or the fruit of their imagination into more or less deathless verse. The difficulty, however, by which all sincere artists must feel themselves pulled up short is that already the whole of this beautiful merchandise has been appropriated, and quite properly appropriated, by royal venturers in our literature, whose names we may set out roughly as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare,

Milton, Keats, Tennyson, and Swinburne. And this preappropriation of ideas and things which are useful and in a sense indispensable to the poetic worker is not merely confined to symbols but it extends also, and perhaps even much more importantly, to certain poetical conventions. For example, if you have a beautiful maiden pining for love in a tower you must always have somewhere in the neighbourhood a youth with a lute who can be depended upon to oblige with a suitable sad lyric; or, failing this, the beautiful maiden has only to prick up her ears to be regaled forthwith with the passionate note of the nightingale, and she needs but move to her casement to perceive, burnished and high, the silver inconstant, unwhispering moon that every poet loves. This, we agree, is extremely unfortunate for middling and even for good poets who are yet not great poets. At the same time, though all our poets appear to be aware of themselves in the matter, none of them seems to be possessed of the restraint which should prevent him from doing over again badly or indifferently what has already been done supremely. We will take our old friend the moon alone. When Shakespeare said, "On such a night stood Dido with a willow in her hand upon the wild sea banks," and the rest of it, he was really robbing the minor and middling poets of many an age to come of legitimate opportunities for mediocre performance. Let any poetaster now amongst us who may meditate an attack upon the moon take up his Shakespeare and examine the galaxy of moons therein hanged in the poetical welkin and ask himself if he is ever likely to outsilver the littlest of them, and let him then, in the interests of beautiful writing, refrain from meddling with moons. It is only the serenest and most lucent souls that have any real right to "try their hand" at the plain work of the mighty. And it is because the "poets" of our own time refuse to be deterred by an obvious and natural law that the modern Parnassus is strewn with pitiful bones and inhabited by persons who gibber and wear straw in their hair. In a time when men settled their differences with swords and knew what love and honour meant, the writing of verses was a manly accomplishment and considered pretty much in the same light as the capacity to roar out a ballad or to dance the fandango. Nowadays every man who can rhyme "love" with "dove," or produce a sonnet with not more than fourteen lines in it is disposed to regard the concoction of "poetry" as the great business of his life, and provided that he will, for money or favour, induce a publisher to issue for him a skimpy volume or so every other year, the critics (save the mark!) will discuss him at length in greasy hapenny papers, claim for him parts which he never possessed, and even agitate for pensions for him. The foregoing homily, apposite or otherwise, applies in some measure to a poet for whom both the critics and himself have of late been suggesting a wonderful and glorious future—the poet in question being Mr. Alfred Noyes. We are both willing and anxious to admit for Mr. Noyes a quality which, so far as we can gather, no other young English poet of any note can be considered to exhibit, which quality is the essential but in our day rare quality of "sticking to it." Thus far Mr. Noyes is to be congratulated. He has laid himself out to achieve a place among them that endure, to scorn delights and live laborious days; to let 'em have it hot and strong and in quantity, and, as it seems to us, to make quite sure that when next the post and office of "Poet Laureate" unhappily become vacant there shall be no question as to the succession if Mr. Noyes is alive. Messrs. Blackwood have lately sent us "Drake: an English Epic. Books IV. and XII.," by this same determined, assiduous, and ambitious hand. And we have read Books IV. to XII. thoroughly and with what the critics call loving care. We rejoice that a young English poet should have had the temerity to put on vans for so serious an epic venture, and we rejoice further that, while his flights remind us of the wild and whirling expeditions of Mr. Wilbur Wright and Count Zeppelin in other atmospheres, he has yet accomplished something which makes

us hope against hope that he may one day be able to bestride the lazy, pacing clouds, and sail upon the bosom of the air of poesy without coming a cropper. The general effect of Books IV. to XII. of "Drake" upon the mind is, however, far from satisfactory. With a trifle of "re-casting" at the hands of the brilliant literary staff employed by Mr. George Edwards Books IV. to XII. might indeed very readily be transformed into a quite acceptable and edifying book for a "Drake" at the Gaiety Theatre. Mr. Noyes will no doubt feel outraged at the thought. On the other hand, Mr. Edwards, who is no mean judge of literary matter which can be made to serve the turn of his theatre, will not be outraged. It is true that Mr. Noyes has not consciously hinted at a "comic part," but the comic part is there nevertheless, and we are afraid that the character who supplies it is Drake himself. For Mr. Noyes depicts him for us as a ranting, raving, roaring, but nevertheless humorous madman, and, suitably trimmed, Mr. Noyes's "Drake" would undoubtedly go down at the Gaiety like a house on fire. In Mr. Noyes's poem, too, there are obvious Gaiety parts for Gaiety ladies—let us abandon the offensive term "girls" while we have a chance. Sweet Bess of Sydenham, for example, could be enacted prettily by the Gaiety leading lady, and as for Queen Elizabeth with her "agate smile," upon which Mr. Noyes insists in and out of season, we can only say that she is a Gaiety Queen to the life. And as for the lyrics what shall we think of the following?—

Good luck befall you, mariners all,
That sail this world so wide !
Whither we go, not yet we know :
We steer by wind and tide.
Be it right or wrong, I sing this song ;
For now it seems to me
Men steer their souls thro' rocks and shoals
As mariners use by sea.

CHORUS : As mariners use by sea,
My lads,
As mariners use by sea.

Or take this :

Sweet, what is love ? 'Tis not the crown of kings ;
Nay, nor the fire of white seraphic wings !
Is it a child's heart leaping while he sings ?
Even so say I ;
Even so say I.

Love, love is kind ! Can it be far away,
Lost in a light that blinds our little day ?
Seems it a great thing ? Sweetheart, answer nay.
Even so say I ;
Even so say I.

Touched up by Mr. Adrian Ropes, you have here lyrics which are of the Gaiety and no other temple, and to which justice might be done only by Mr. Hayden Coffin on the one part and Miss Jumpabouti on the other. Mr. Noyes cannot write a great lyric. In any case, he has not compassed such a thing in "Drake, Books IV. to XII." And now let us look at our poet out of considerations of *mise en scène* :

Drake

Stood with old comrades on the close-cropped green
Of Plymouth Hoe, playing a game of bowls.
Far off unseen, a little barque, full sail,
Struggled and leapt and strove tow'rds Plymouth Sound,
Noteless as any speckled herring-gull
Flickering between the white flakes of the waves ;
A group of schoolboys with their satchels lay
Stretched on the green, gazing with great wide eyes
Upon their seamen heroes, as like gods
Disporting with the battles of the world
They loomed, tossing black bowls like cannon-balls
Against the rosy West, or lounged at ease
With faces olive-dark against that sky
Laughing, while from neighbouring inn mine host,
White-aproned and blue-jerkined, hurried out
With foaming cups of sack, and they drank deep,
Tossing their heads back under the golden clouds
And burying their bearded lips

And to continue :

A seaman smiling swaggered out of the inn
Swinging in one brown hand a gleaming cage
Wherein a big green parrot chattered and clung
Fluttering against the wires. A troop of girls
With arms linked paused to watch the game of bowls ;
And now they flocked around the cage, while one
With rosy finger tempted the horny beak
To bite. Close overhead a sea-mew flashed
Seaward. Once, from an open window, soft
Through trellised leaves, not far away, a voice
Floated, a voice that flushed the cheek of Drake,
The voice of Bess, bending her glossy head
Over her broidery frame, in quiet song.

If that is not Gaiety Theatre put into blank verse, and ably put into blank verse, we are a Dutchman. It is there to the last ounce, the last touch, and the last workman-like fetch—even to a beautifully-arranged opportunity for the tender vocalism of Miss Jumpabouti "over her broidery-frame." Then consider what an opportunity for "Act II. Scene 3.—The hold of the *Cacafuego*," Mr. Noyes has thoughtfully provided in the appended passage :

In the crimson dawn,
Ringed with the lonely pomp of sea and sky,
The naked-footed seamen bathed knee-deep
In gold and gathered up Aladdin's fruit—
All-coloured gems—and tossed them in the sun.
The hold like one great elfin orchard gleamed
With dusky globes and tawny glories piled,
Hesperian apples, heap on mellow heap,
Rich with the hues of sunset, rich and ripe
And ready for the enchanted cider-press ;
An Emperor's ransom in each burning orb ;
A Kingdom's purchase in each clustered bough ;
The freedom of all slaves in every chain.

After this Milton's poor simplicity about "the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind" will of course drop out of the books of quotation.

Tennyson was once accused of going to the theatre for a metaphor in respect of a cataract. We shall not accuse Mr. Noyes of frequenting musical comedy for his inspiration. What he would appear to have done resolves itself into something like a mere matter of "swotting." He has read up Drake in pretty much the manner that one conceives Dr. Kenealy must have perused the evidence in the Tichborne case, and he has saturated himself with other people's poetry. We do not suppose that there are half-a-dozen similes or epithets or decorative collocations in Books IV. to XII. of "Drake" which have not in some sort been employed before by better men than Mr. Noyes. What he has to say is familiar to us. Nowhere does he surprise us, or astonish us, or take the breath. It is not that he is a plagiarist, but simply that his bags are too packed with the old sweets to permit of his proper progression in the epic stride. As we have said, however, while "Drake, Books IV. to XII." is nearly always cultivated fustian, we discern in it signs and tokens that a reasonable measure of performance may be possible to Mr. Noyes. He has at least found for himself a space in which he may work, and that is a good thing accomplished. He has made what one can only describe as a swooping bid for the purple, but he is bidding in the wrong language and with an intent which one does not usually associate with high poetry. We make no doubt that the present instalment of "Drake" will be received with the plaudits which Mr. Noyes has foreseen. It is a gaud or bauble of a very attractive appearance. It exhibits what is commonly called the true spirit of patriotism ; it is all for religion and liberty and no popery, and it is all for Imperial England and "this little Isle." And it is decked and pranked and garnished, and gilded and embroidered and glistened and jewelled, and generally gotten up to catch the eye and heart of the middling. Yet we believe that men will willingly let it die. If Mr. Noyes were any other than he is we should beg of him not to be discouraged by what we have found it our duty to say. We know that he will not be discouraged, and that he will place against our ounce of blame the ton of praise to which he is accustomed. What we shall ask of him is that he will view the proper ton that is bound to

be handed out to him in consideration of the present performance with grave suspicion. Let him note from whence it proceeds, and let him set a poet's value upon it. For, when all is said, praise and blame are nothing unless they help a man to good ends.

PENSIONS

IN the face of recent political happenings, not to mention the general leanings of mankind, a pension would seem to be considered the only true and fitting consummation of human existence. It is now at any rate tacitly admitted by the State that at seventy years of age one is ripe for at least free bread with a possible scraping of butter to it. We believe that in its heart of hearts that welter of all sorts and conditions of persons which we call "the nation" considers old-age pension schemes with a kindly eye, and that if the masses at any rate had their way the beautiful five shillings a week which has been promised them would be speedily increased to a golden half-sovereign, and would be brought more approximately within the range of human hope by a fixing of the age of qualification at sixty, or for that matter even fifty-five brief bright summers. We do not say that such ambitions upon the part of the masses are wicked or improper. They are merely human and natural, and in the present condition of society we suppose one must not deprecate them. The old-age pensions of the Liberal Government are a new thing—the result of "the triumphant march of the democracy." But of themselves old-age pensions and pensions which have nothing to do with old age are very old indeed. All persons who are officially connected with the Government of the country, or with its defence, or with the administration of justice, or even with minor Governmental matters, are educated to look upon an ultimate pension in consideration of services rendered, as their more or less natural and inevitable right. After certain "service" even Cabinet Ministers are entitled to a substantial increment from the public purse, and it is so with Admirals, Generals, Judges, Magistrates, Officials in the Civil Service, and heaven alone knows whom besides. Even a policeman gets a pension if he behaves himself, and we gather that certain poets are equally blessed. But whereas policemen of unblemished reputation are "entitled" to pensions, the poets, unfortunately, are not in any recognised sense entitled to them, but apparently have to scramble for them. Quite recently there has been issued to an Order of the Honourable the House of Commons a return of all persons now in receipt of Civil List pensions charged upon the Consolidated Fund. It is on this four-square hearty, bloated "Consolidated Fund" that such poets as compass the hard-earned state reward have to depend. And it is to the administrators of this fund that they must needs put in their piping, pathetic appeals if they would partake of the fatness which seems to be going. The return referred to lies before us, and on page 21 of it we have read with delighted eyes the following legend:

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS NOW PAYABLE—

Granted under the Civil List Act, 1837 £17,457
Granted under the Civil List Act, 1901 7,208

Grand total..... £24,665

We are free to admit that we consider "Grand total" to be a touch worthy of a great Government. And now let us glance for a moment at the poets' share of the plunder. Here is the list:

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN—
As Poet Laureate £200
MR. JOHN DAVIDSON—
In consideration of the merit of his poetical
works 100
MR. WILLIAM WATSON—
In consideration of the merit of his poetical
works 100

MR. HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON—

In recognition of his distinguished literary
attainments, and of his eminence as a poet... 250

"Grand total" £650

The foregoing are the exact words and figures of the return. It will be observed that Mr. Alfred Austin's "pension" is paid to him in his capacity as Poet Laureate. So that, while it is charged upon the Consolidated Fund, it does not really come under the head of pensions, being in fact the altogether inadequate salary of a Court official. Consequently our "grand total" for poets must be reduced to a beggarly £450 per annum. On the whole it is cheap, and the powers that be are to be congratulated for their economy. And when we come to look closely into this £450 what do we find? Let us suppose that the intelligent foreigner of whom we have all read were to be confronted with:

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON—

In consideration of the merit of his poetical
works £100

MR. WILLIAM WATSON—

In consideration of the merit of his poetical
works 100

MR. HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON—

In recognition of his distinguished literary
attainments, and of his eminence as a poet... 250

To what conclusions would that intelligent foreigner immediately rush? He would say: "It is quite evident that MM. or Herren Davidson, Watson, and Henry Austin Dobson are England's greatest poets, and Monsieur or Herr Henry Austin Dobson is the greatest of them—being indeed a clear £150 per annum the better man."

Nobody would wish our intelligent foreigner to return to his native wilds with such a view inside him; because in the main it would be a wrong view, and a view that reflected grave discredit upon the literature of the country. That the merits of the poetical works of Mr. William Watson are clear, and that at the time £100 a year was granted to him he both needed and deserved it nobody doubts. But since this princely allowance came his way Mr. Watson has deemed it wise to remain almost stone silent, and has given us no poetry at all in return for our money. Still, in the case of Mr. Watson we will not grumble, because we feel that silence in a poet is often golden, and because it is conceivable that Mr. Watson may be about a grave and splendid business. He is a man who has pertinaciously and without flinching stood up to be a poet and nothing but a poet. He has given us a reasonable quantity of fine verse, his place as poet is assured if he never writes another line, and he is perfectly welcome to his £100 a year. With Mr. John Davidson, however, the case is different. Mr. Davidson once wrote a ballad. We shall venture to say that for this same ballad the country is paying to a man who is quite competent to earn his living in journalism, and has indeed earned his living in journalism, £100 per annum, which is a tidy reward for a single ballad, and a single ballad of fairly doubtful quality. However, Mr. Davidson also would appear to have lapsed into a comfortable do-nothingness, and he too may be plotting marvellous works, though we question if he has left in him anything in the way of capacity for high poetical performance. The saddest and most astonishing case of the three is that of Mr. Henry Austin Dobson, who, let us repeat, has £250 a year "in recognition of his distinguished literary attainments and his eminence as a poet." We believe that we are correct in saying that Mr. Austin Dobson is an ex-official of the Civil Service, and that in this capacity he receives another and separate pension of £300 or £350 a year. Whatever reputation he may have made, either by his "distinguished literary attainments" or as poet, was made during his period of employment at the Board of Trade or some such office. His output of assiduous prose and middling verse during that period was very heavy—you may see his name sprinkled over several pages of the

British Museum catalogue—and there can be no doubt whatever that his contributions to the Press amount in quantity to a very pretty indication of the extraordinary leisure which appears to be at the command of persons employed in public offices. Furthermore we deny that Mr. Austin Dobson has a *bonâ fide* claim to "eminence" as a poet. In the "Oxford Book of English Verse," which is a fair test, considering Mr. Dobson's acquaintance among critics, he is represented, if we remember rightly, by some lines which begin :

"I intended an ode
And it turn'd to a sonnet ;"

and he proceeds to rhyme bonnet with sonnet, and generally to produce a trifle of verse which would disgrace an undergraduates' magazine. If he has written any poetry which entitles him to be considered "eminent" as a poet where is it? Echo, we are afraid, will have to answer, Where? And as for Mr. Dobson's "distinguished literary attainments," we suppose this grandiose phrase bears reference to the numberless "introductions" he has written for the works of poets and prose writers who happen to be really eminent, though dead; and to his labours as a biographer. It is to be noted that for the whole of this work he was in all probability handsomely paid during the time of his employment in the public service, and he had consequently every opportunity for saving sufficient sums to supplement the pension which he very properly receives from the Board of Trade. He is still an able-bodied man, in the prime of life, brisk and rubicund, and quite in a position to earn a living apart from any pensions whatsoever. Yet he takes this £250 a year on the strength of his "eminence" as a poet. We suppose that a pension once granted is an irrevocable and inviolable emolument. And it is not the purport of the present article to suggest or demand the withdrawal of the pensions of any persons, deserving or otherwise. But we do think for the literary credit of the country, the gentlemen at the Treasury whose duty it may be to draw up the returns of persons in receipt of Civil List pensions should endeavour to soften and modify the gratuitous puff which now appears under Mr. Dobson's name. "In consideration of his services to journalism and literature" might be tolerated. "In consideration of his distinguished literary attainments and his eminence as a poet" is a drawing of the long bow in an altogether too palpable manner. We note that Mr. Dobson has been receiving £250 a year for a consideration which is by no means established, or which, to say the best of it, is wrongly described, since July 17th, 1901. It would be interesting to know what pension, if any, the late Mr. Francis Thompson received from July 17th, 1901, down to the hour of his untimely death. Why should a fribbling versifier, whose poetical efforts are concerned with sonnets and bonnets, and frills and furbelows, and cracked china, be ensconced in the State's £250 harbour of roses what time a poet of plain and untraversable eminence, who had never been in the Board of Trade, and who had no pension or other income, was turning hard wheels for a bare subsistence? Mr. Dobson was aware of Mr. Thompson's existence, and so must have been the persons who induced the Prime Minister of the period to hand out Mr. Dobson's comfortable £5 a week. The whole business is as bad as bad can be. If there is a reason or a defence for it, that reason or defence ought most certainly not to have taken the form which it does take in the official return. We have suggested the words which it would be proper and decent to print beneath Mr. Dobson's name, and we shall hope to see some such words adopted in the next issue of this extraordinary list. We are not concerned with Mr. Dobson personally, and we do not blame him for receiving regularly any pension or other moneys a benevolent Government may choose to bestow upon him. On the other hand, we are most emphatically concerned when the Government of the country sets its seal to the "eminence" of poets, and we say flatly that Mr. Austin Dobson is not an eminent poet, and that if Mr. William Watson is to be content with the "merits of his

poetical works," Mr. Dobson can well afford to be content with something even much more simple.

CONVERSATION

It is to be hoped that the remarks exchanged interminably over the average table in this country are meant to conceal thought and not to reveal it. The newest misdoings of what Father Vaughan calls the "Smart Set," the latest slough of despond and divorce into which the half-penny press has dived for the satisfaction of its readers' prurience and its own coffers, the dresses at the play, the artistic cooking of somebody's new *chef*—all this is poor, bloodless stuff for the making of men and women, for the sustenance of the besieged city of Mansoul. To an attentive listener it seems strange, for there are so many fine things to talk about, so many more than there were fifty or a hundred years ago. Books are a thousandfold more plentiful; Nature is studied more intimately, fresh secrets are won from her almost every day by her servants the scientists and her lovers among the poets and painters.

All arts are taught and popularised, apparently, except the art of conversation. To converse well—

There must, in the first place, be knowledge [said Dr. Samuel Johnson], and there must be materials; in the second place, there must be a command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination, to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in; and in the fourth place, there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures. This last is an essential requisite; for want of it many people do not excel in conversation.

A certain leisure of spirit, cheaply purchased at the cost of an occasional hour stolen from those devoted to amusements, is also greatly to be desired; it is an acquisition too seldom met with. People to-day will do anything rather than sit quietly awhile and let their thoughts drift. If the business man finds himself with an evening to spare he will read, write letters, play bridge, go to the theatre, visit a friend, but never treat his soul to a few hours off duty. In the winter, does he ever draw his chair up to the fire, and, alone in his room, take a brief holiday? If he does, he can hardly feel complimented, for his own company bores him so that he falls asleep within ten minutes. When summer calls, does he ever seriously consider the possibility of an afternoon spent in a solitary ramble over the hills or down some Surrey by-lane, uninterrupted save by the drowsy booming of the bees, the tiny clarion of some swiftly-passing insect, the distant click of a sharpened scythe? Or does he entertain for a moment the idea of lying on his back among the heather on a broad, sunlit moor and indulging in a dream while the stately ships of cloud sail slowly by? Unutterably tedious, would be his verdict on such suggestions; yet hours like these, not necessarily occupied in thinking out any special subject, but simply to unpacking the mind and blowing the dust from its darker shelves and crannies, would be of untold value to a man; he would live better, love better, eat better, too, and certainly talk better—which is what most concerns us at the moment. "Retirement to the frivolous is a vast desert; to the thoughtful it is the enchanted garden of Armida."

In the days when men were concerned with the set of their wigs, the quality of their snuff, or the swing of their canes the table-talk of the dandies was worth hearing. Their brains were on the alert for a *bon-mot* or a smart retort; they conceded little mercy in the rapier-play of wit, and expected little; if they were up-to-date with the fashions, they were also up-to-date with more serious affairs. Scandal was indulged in less for its own sake than for the many opportunities it afforded of pungent quip and sarcasm, and the frequent excursions into its realm were extenuated by the brilliancy of its exploitation. If we may judge by the records that remain, the conversation of the middle-classes in those times was by no means lacking in distinction. Mysterious delights of professional football and cricket had not then charmed young men and boys by

scores of thousands into parting with their shillings in order to watch a few other men "play" for a salary. Samuel Pepys puts on record :

A little book concerning speech in general, a most excellent piece as ever I read, proving a soul in man, and all the ways and secrets by which Nature teaches speech in man, which do please me most infinitely to read.

There are many more of such volumes now, but is the level of conversation any higher? From the specimens we hear at chance visits to friendly gatherings, even to those people who are voluminous readers, it hardly seems so. There is a pretty touch in that phrase, "the ways and secrets by which Nature teaches speech in man," opening a hundred glorious vistas, at the end of which lie treasures even more desirable than those taken by the way. Although Nature may not have much small talk, she has her moods of merriment and laughter, and her speech is above all languages that of charm and delicacy and subtlety ; it is difficult, perhaps, to translate into our own tongue, but there remains the splendid fact that no real need exists for translation—it is the one perfect universal language.

We are not all born wags or expert talkers, and the line of partition between the conversationalist and the bore is easily overstepped, but, presumably, any person of ordinary education and power of speech can be interesting to others upon a subject that interests himself. Conversation, however, presupposes that a man shall be able to command to a friendly extent his interest—if he cannot, he becomes the bore at once ; also that he shall cultivate the ability to comment lucidly upon topics strange to him, make mistakes gracefully, and listen well. If the mind is full and alert there will not be the slightest need for laborious or showy phrase-making. The brain works at lightning speed. While the lips are silent and the ears are appreciating the words of the opponent, it is busy deciding on the line of retort or acquiescence, forming jest, or conclusion, or proposition, wherewith to answer or enervate the argument actually in process of being set forth ; in fact, straying for a moment into a psychological bypath, nothing is more wonderful than this double duty of which any brain is susceptible. But how rarely is our modern conversation a trial of intellectual vigour, how seldom is a sentence worth remembering.

It is significant that the decay of conversation has taken place along a line parallel to that of the enormous increase of cheap and unimportant fiction, as distinguished from the welcome cheap reprints of good and masterly work. A hundred years ago hardly a single book was published carelessly ; the subscription system prevailed ; the limited fiction of the period was calculated to make its readers think. Now nine-tenths of the novels that pour in a flood from the publishing houses are disastrously dull ; their characters speak a surfeit of tepid platitudes or devitalised humour. When they are smart they are generally erotic. A story with a potential co-respondent stands the best chance of success, and is quite the correct thing. Most books stimulate emotion instead of thought, and even the more serious are only read to while away an hour. No one really wants to re-establish the prunes and prism days, but one has somehow a lingering fancy that the stilted sentences then in vogue on the lips of the carefully-guarded "young person" were at least more pleasant than the flippant inanities of the twentieth-century dude and demoiselle. Instead of the gold and silver they deal in the farthing-pieces of conversation. The yokel, if uncouth, is more sincere.

The vocabulary of the modern Miss would seem to be less extensive than that of her predecessors. For the poem of Swinburne or a picture by Watts she uses the same pallid phrase as for her chocolate-creams—"jolly nice," or "not half bad." Another notably frequent commendation from feminine lips is the word "ripping," and it appears to be equally useful for a sermon or a hat, a book or a flower, a play or a sunset, a pair of shoes or a piano. Its antonym is "rotten ;" but here we digress to

the discussion of slang, which, although closely related to the subject of conversation, does not come within the province of this article.

Mediocrity can talk. Genius either converses or remains silent ; even in its "fooling" it is delightful. The truest conversationalist of all is not the man with the acutest brain, most overwhelming ability, or profoundest knowledge, but the man of broadest and most bountiful sympathies.

DREAMS IN FICTION

WHAT reader of Anne Brontë's "Wuthering Heights" will ever be able to forget Mr. Lockwood's second dream in the third chapter of that astonishing novel? He began to dream almost before he ceased to be sensible of his locality.

As the years crowd new dreams and new realities into our minds we may forget all about the sermon heard by Lockwood in his first dream in that terrible house ("Good God! What a sermon! Divided into four hundred and ninety parts!"); but the cold fingers and the broken glass in his second dream never relinquished their grim hold on the reader's brain. The dreamer had knocked his knuckles through the glass window to grasp the bough of a fir tree and stay it from rattling its dry cones against the panes. But his fingers closed on the fingers of a little ice-cold hand. Powerless to disengage himself, made cruel by terror, he pulled the creature's wrist on to the broken pane, "and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bed-clothes."

Fortunately for our peace of mind the ability to describe such dreams is exceedingly rare even among the masters of fiction. Montague Tigg's dream in the forty-second chapter of "Martin Chuzzlewit" is gruesome enough. This too was a double dream, but both parts were connected with a mysterious door in the sleeper's bedroom. Behind that door he dreamed the existence of "an enemy, a shadow, a phantom," which it was his business to keep closed up. With this view, "Nadgett and he, and a strange man with a bloody smell upon his head," worked with iron plates and nails, but "the nails broke or changed to soft twigs, or, what was worse, to worms, between their fingers."

"Or what was worse," in that phrase the horrid progress of the dream is nimbly depicted. Dreams of the conscience-stricken have been illustrated with conspicuous success by the masters of English fiction. If the slinking fear of detection never slept in Tigg, the thieving rogue, a prophecy of doom leaps like a flame in the dream of Lovelace, that incurable rake. He describes this dream in the fifty-sixth letter of the seventh volume, addressed to John Belford, and dated Tuesday, the 22nd of August. "I awaked just now," he writes, "in a cursed fright. How a man may be affected by dreams ;" and though before the close of the letter, he calls his experience "visionary stuff," it is clear that he was shaken by the reality of this dream. One may gather this from the glow of the narrative in which he pictures Clarissa's cousin flashing through the window with drawn sword to repair the wrong that has been done her, the sudden descent of an angel from a firmament "crowded with golden cherubs and glittering seraphs," to bear his charmer to the celestial regions, while the guilty lover finds himself entangled in her azure robe ("all stuck thick with stars of embossed silver") which was all that was left to him of his beloved Clarissa :

And then (horrid to relate!) the floor sinking under me, as the firmament had opened for her, I dropt into a hole more frightful than that of Elden ; and tumbling over and over down it, without view of a bottom, I awakened in a panic, and was as effectually disordered for half an hour as if my dream had been a reality.

With what relief do we turn from this impressive, even if theatrical, imagining to the dream of little Harry Richmond in the eighteenth chapter of Mr. Meredith's "Adventures." The boy had not long since come upon

his father in that marvellous city made so alluring by the presence of the Princess Ottilia in High Germany :

My dreams led me wandering with a ship's diver under the sea, where we walked in a light of pearls and exploded old wrecks. I was assuring the glassy man that it was almost as clear beneath the waves as above, when I awoke to see my father standing over me in daylight, and in an ecstasy I burst into sobs.

Once the mind runs on this subject of dreams in fiction fresh instances readily present themselves. Just as in fact the human experience of dreams abound in variations, so this variety is reflected in fiction, from the simplest to the most fantastic, from the fireside dreams of Uncle Toby to those of Du Maurier's Peter Ibbotson and his amazing Duchess of Towers, or the dream, so preposterous and yet so real, of Alice in Wonderland.

This article itself will set many readers thinking of examples not here mentioned. Some may recall the dream of Eustacia in Mr. Hardy's "Return of the Native." To believe the author :

It had as many ramifications as the Cretan labyrinth, as many fluctuations as the Northern Lights, as much colour as a parterre in June, and was as crowded with figures as a coronation.

Many of us too will remember with pleasure Waldo's passionate dream of dead Lyndall in "The Story of an African Farm," in which the dreamer passes through a whole series of mystical attempts to reconcile his living passion with the cold fact of death, until the slow consolation comes with the gradual triumph of Christian belief in immortality, rising like some ocean wave over the sharp rocks of despair. Critical readers may object to the way in which the writer mingles her own philosophic reflections with the narrative of the sleeper's experience, and it is true that the edge of reality is somewhat blunted in this process ; but regarded apart from their context these reflections throw interesting light on Olive Schreiner's own thoughts, and they are useful in providing a suitable close to this article which touches only the fringe of a large subject. "Our fathers had their dreams," she writes ; "we have ours ; the generation that follows will have its own, Without dreams and phantoms man cannot exist."

SHORTER REVIEWS

Chats on Old Lace and Needlework. By MRS. LOWES. (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)

MRS. LOWES has fulfilled what is evidently a congenial task with taste and discrimination. Her "Chats on Old Lace and Embroidery" are neither tediously instructive nor merely superficially amusing. They are obviously the work of one who is herself a collector and who has a real love and appreciation of the subject on which she writes. This, combined with a clear and easy style, cannot fail to make these "Chats" very pleasant reading. The first part of the book, which deals entirely with old lace, opens with a brief history of the art of lace-making, which seems to have flourished in ancient Egypt, judging from the discovery in Egyptian tombs of garments with their edges "frayed and twisted into what we may call a primitive lace." Gold and silver laces have been found among the tombs of Mycenae and Etruria, and the body of St. Cuthbert, 685 A.D., was wrapped in a cloth worked in "cutworks and fringes." This very crude cutwork, or, properly speaking, drawn-thread work, was the origin of the reticella, or old point lace, which was first made in Italy. Very little later pillow-lace originated in Flanders, and was soon to be imitated by the Italians. Mrs. Lowes gives also a short history of English lace before passing on to foreign manufactures. The second half of the book, "Needlework," is treated in much the same way, beginning with a history of the earliest English and foreign specimens. There is this difference, however : Mrs. Lowe confines herself to home embroideries as "the art and craft of which England may be unfeignedly proud," and does not introduce the work of other countries. The book is well

illustrated, showing many examples from the author's own collection as well as from that of the South Kensington Museum.

The Romance of Northumberland. By A. G. BRADLEY. (Methuen and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. BRADLEY'S difficulty in this volume has been mainly one of selection. As it is he has filled close upon four hundred pages with matter, chiefly historical, that no reader will venture to describe as irrelevant in any stage of the progress. The theme, indeed, is one that might move to eloquence the most sterile of pens, and Mr. Bradley has been quick to seize and utilise the numerous dramatic opportunities which offer themselves. Perhaps it is true to say that no county of England possesses memories, associations, traditions so potent to fire the fancy or quicken the blood as Northumberland. The land of Hotspurs and Douglasses, of Charltons and of Fenwicks, it has gathered round it a whole cycle of Border legendry and song. William the Conqueror laid it waste in the fury of his insensate anger, and a thrifty and industrious population raised it, with a patient heroism which merits the plaudits of posterity, from its ashes. For centuries it was involved in bloody and purposeless wars with its neighbours across the Border—neighbours to whom otherwise it would have been endeared by the ties of consanguinity and race. Then came what Mr. Bradley calls, with conscious irony, "the little matter of the Union," and a piece of parchment was able to effect one of the greatest revolutions in our national history. To-day the two peoples live side by side in conscious amity, or, at the worst, in friendly rivalry. Yet the records of this ancient warfare survive in song and story and in the proudest of national traditions :

None save our Northmen ever, none but we,
Met, pledged, or fought
Such foes and friends as Scotland and the sea
With heart so high and equal, strong in glee
And stern in thought.

It is a Northumbrian poet—no other than Mr. Swinburne, in fact—who thus sings. But the dwellers on the northern side of Tweed have their memories, proud as those of the victors who overthrew them on the bloody field of Flodden.

Mr. Bradley makes a delightful guide (though we hasten to avert his anger by declaring that "The Romance of Northumberland" is in no sense of the term a "guide-book"), and the curious will find in these pages a whole wealth of folklore, antiquarianism, and topographical curiosities. Our author fulfils most of the conditions of the perfect traveller. He has enthusiasm, a passion for romance, a good constitution (which is a desideratum in this climate), and there are unmistakable indications that he enjoys his meals. If we have dwelt mainly on the historical side of the subject it is because Mr. Bradley has made us realise that the historical side is, after all, of the first importance :

"Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"
Were the last words of Marmion.

It is to these familiar strains, recalling as they do all the splendour, the pathos, and the pride of a departed chivalry, that the book fittingly closes.

A word should be added in praise of Mr. Frank Southgate's excellent illustrations, and the tourist will find the map that prefaces the volume of the greatest convenience.

FICTION

The Sin of Gabrielle. By MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN. (John Long, 6s.)

MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN'S novels are seldom as interesting as their titles. What promise lurks behind "The Mystery of Magdalen" and "The Sinnings of Seraphine" ! But it appears that Mrs. Kernahan's inventive faculty is on the

wane. She stands convicted of self-plagiarism. We hasten to her rescue. Why not (for a change) "The Improperities of Iseult," "The Misdeeds of Maude," or, better still, "The Vices of Veronica"?

It is difficult to criticise such a novel as this, for the standard of comparison is wanting. Mrs. Kernahan moves with apparent ease in a world of her own devising. Her puppets have no sort of relation to the men and women one meets in actual life, or even to the men and women one reads about in the majority of novels. Still, she pulls the string and the puppets begin to dance—a little spasmodically, perhaps, but on the whole with a certain vigour. Their antics are frequently amusing, and the reader, if he do not demand too much, may close the volume with a sense of having been pleasantly entertained. Gabrielle, the most brilliantly bedecked of all the figures, he will suspect from the first, being, perhaps, endowed with more perspicacity than the author is inclined to give him credit for. But we think he will prefer the Reverend Donovan Fitzgerald, who at any rate has all the charm of novelty. For a "High Church Anglican" who denies his claim to the title of "priest," and remarks "I am not a Catholic," is a conspicuous variant from the specimens we have encountered. But he has "a beautiful soul" (Mrs. Kernahan tells us so), and that should, perhaps, suffice us. For the rest the story is told in a conventional manner and moves along conventional lines to a conventional *dénouement*. The reader is thoughtfully spared anything in the nature of suspense.

The Heritage. By SYDNEY C. GRIER. (Blackwood, 6s.)

WE see by the list of titles on the fly-leaf that the author divides his books into three series. "The Heritage" comes under the heading of the Balkan series, and is supposed to be the history of a serious political crisis in the country of Emathia. Teffany Wise, a West Indian millionaire, leaves his fortune to his cousin, Maurice Teffany, to be spent in regaining the throne of Emathia. The interest of the money, however, is left to Maurice's wife, Eirene, to be used at her own discretion. Eirene represents the cadet line of the Imperial House of Emathia, and, being of an ambitious and adventurous disposition, she sets off to take possession of her kingdom, dragging her unwilling husband at her heels. They are accompanied by Maurice's sister Zoe, a Colonel Wylie, and Lord Armitage. The story from the moment they land on the shores of their "Heritage" is a bewildering mixture of plots, conspiracies, civil war, and romance. It holds the reader's attention by the vigorous and graphic manner in which it is written.

The Last Egyptian. (Sisley, 6s.)

THE author of this book prefers to remain anonymous. He writes as one who knows Egypt well and seems to have clear understanding of the workings of the native mind. Kara, the last Egyptian, is a very convincing personality, while Nephthys and Tadros are both good character-studies in their way. This makes the weakness of the European element all the more striking, for a more melodramatic collection of prigs and blackguards we have seldom encountered. The one exception, perhaps, is to be found in Winston; he is at least more human than his future wife, Aneth, whose answer to his proposal of marriage is characteristic:

"Whenever you like, Gerald," she said, "I will become your wife. . . . Happiness is such a precious thing and life so uncertain that I have no desire to resist your proposal."

Her "words in season" to her grandfather when he is offered a diplomatic post in Egypt are delightful in their way:

"Grandfather," said she gravely, "our gracious Queen has given to you and to my father positions of great trust. I am sure that you will personally do your duty loyally, and with credit to our honoured name, but I am afraid for father. Will you promise me to keep him from card-playing and urge him to lead a more reputable life?"

And her grandfather does not box her ears.

"WELKED HORNS"

It is worth while considering the meaning of "welked horns," because Shakespeare has introduced the phrase into *King Lear*, iv. 6, where Edgar says:

As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd and waved like the enridged sea.

The word is usually spelt *whelked*, which, as I propose to show, is certainly wrong; and it is worth while saying that there is no *h* in the word in any of the old editions. The quartos have *welkt*, *welk't*, and the first folio has *welk'd*.

I find that the view which I shall here propose has already been taken in the "Century Dictionary," which directs us to suppress the *h*, and explains the word as "formed like a whelk; hence, marked or covered with ridges like those of a whelk." But I suspect that this explanation is only partially right.

It may also be noted here that the folios have *enraged* in place of *enridged*. Dr. Schmidt calls attention to the following passages:

Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend.—*Venus*, 820.

Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges.—*Rape of Lucrece*, 1439.

The word *whelk* presents considerable difficulty, because, though there is but one word which is rightly thus spelt, there are several of the form of *welk*, and they seem to have been partly mixed up.

The sole *whelk* means "a small pustule," and is a diminutive of *wheel*, a pustule. It is used by Shakespeare with respect to Bardolph's nose (*Henry V.*, iii. 6, 108) and by Chaucer with respect to the Somnour's face (*Prol.* 632). That the word *wheel*, a pustule, is rightly spelt with initial *wh* is fairly certain. For though the alleged Anglo-Saxon equivalent—viz., *hwæle*—rests only on the authority of Somner, it is borne out by allied words—viz., *hwelian*, to turn to matter, to suppurate, and *ge-hwæled*, inflamed—for which see Toller's Dictionary. A secondary sense of *hwelian* is to waste away; not noted in the Dictionary, but thrice exemplified in the glossary to the "Liber Scintillarum," ed. E. W. Rhodes (E.E.T.S.). Hence the "Promptorium Parvulorum" is quite right in explaining "whele, or whelke," by *pustula*; and the verb "whelyn, as soorys," by *pustulare*.

But the common *welk* has no claim to an *h*, the modern spelling being due to a complete ignorance as to the form of the word. Even dialect-speakers know better, as they speak of *welks*, or *wilks*, or even of *wulks*, or *willoks*, or *wuloks*. *Willok* exactly represents the A.S. *wilok*, and *wullok* the early A.S. *wulluc*; whilst *welk* is shortened from the A.S. *weluc*. The "Promptorium" has "*wylke*, *fysche*," and "*wylke*, *schelle*."

Welk is founded upon the Indo-Germanic root *wel-*, which, as has been often explained, occurs also in the Greek *helix* and the Latin *volvere*. It has, accordingly, the sense of "convoluted," which is precisely the thing here intended. "Welked horns" are horns convoluted or twisted, and present such "ridges" as naturally appear on the surface of horns shaped like the shell-fish. I would therefore amend the explanation in the "Century Dictionary" so as to read: "formed like a welk; convoluted; showing such ridges as a welk naturally presents."

Edgar's language is intentionally exaggerated. He is describing a monster, horrible, ill-formed, and huge, with a thousand noses and vast convoluted horns.

The point which the commentators have not, as far as I am aware, observed is that the phrase is not peculiar to Shakespeare. He may easily have picked it up from Golding's translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," where it occurs at least thrice. The most instructive passage is the following. Ovid ("Met," v. 327) describes how Jupiter took the form of a ram:

unde recurvis
Nunc quoque formatus Libys est cum cornibus Ammon.

Golding, in the edition of 1603 (which is not far from the date of *King Lear*), transtates this as follows :

Ioue's image, which the Lybian folke by name of Hammon serue,
Is made with crooked welked hornes that inward still doe terue.

I hope I may be pardoned if I venture to remark that the verb *to terue*—i.e., to roll back—was first explained by me in a letter to the *Athenæum*, March 24th, 1894, and is further exemplified in my Glossary to Chaucer's Works. The reference in the text is, accordingly, to the twisted ram's horns on the statue of Jupiter Ammon. It seems to have been suggested by the epithet *recurvis*.

Golding's second reference is to the celebrated bull's horn of Achelous, torn from the river-god's head by Hercules, and afterwards transformed into "the horn of plenty," which I have seen represented in art in the very shape of the welk's shell. See "Metam.," ix. 85. Golding has it thus :

And yet not so content, such hold his cruell hand did take
Upon my welked horne, that he asunder quite it brake.

The phrase in Ovid is "rigidum cornu."

Thirdly, in "Metam.," x. 222, there is reference to the Cerastæ, a horned people in Cyprus, changed by Venus into bullocks—"quibus aspera cornu Frons erat." Here Golding has :

Yea, euen as gladly as the folke whose browes sometime did beare
A paire of welked hornes, whereof they Cerastes named are.

I would further call attention to the adjective *whelky* in Spenser's translation of "Virgil's Gnat," l. 105 :

Ne aught the whelky [*read welky*] pearles esteemeth hee, etc.

Todd has the note :—"The *whilk*, or *welk*, is a shell-fish. Perhaps the poet introduced this adjective in the sense of *wreathed* or *twisted*, as that shell-fish appears." Unfortunately, the epithet "twisted," which gives the right sense, cannot well be applied to pearls.

The explanation in the "Century Dictionary" is—"formed like a whelk; hence knobby, rounded." From this I differ; for "knobby, rounded" are not fair deductions from "formed like a whelk;" the shell-fish is certainly not spherical.

Lastly, there is the explanation in the *Globe Spenser*, which is quite right. It gives : "*whelky*, shelly." This is easily verified by a reference to the original, which has (l. 67) :

nec Indi
Conchea bacca maris pretio est.

The poet is simply trying to translate *conchea*, and forgot for the moment that the shell of the pearl-oyster is flat !

I refrain from side-issues, which are many and full of traps. Johnson actually confuses *wheat*, a pimple, with *weal*, a bad spelling of *wale*, a mark caused by a blow. Chaucer's *welked*—i.e., withered—is not only a different word altogether, but is from a different root. Then there is *weel*, a fish-basket, and *weel*, a whirlpool, and *weal*, wealth; and so on. In Middle English we find *welk* rightly used as the past tense of the verb *to walk* !

WALTER W. SKEAT.

CHAUCER A NORFOLK MAN

HAVING regard to the facts that the poet and very many of his relations (including his father and grandfather) were intimately connected with the wine trade and with the collection of wine and other Custom House duties, and that the ports of London and of Lynn (then a great wine port) were then equally closely connected in business (at least two Lynn men being Mayors of London in Chaucer's time, and both ports being factories of the Hanseatic League), I have long thought that the old statement by Ben Adam that Chaucer was born at Lynn might be correct after all.

For some years I have put forward what I thought good presumptive evidence of this—e.g., Chaucer's reference to a very obscure Norfolk village called Baldeswell; to Friar Nicholas of Lynn, who wrote (as Chaucer did himself) a

treatise on the Astrolabe—to the Holy Cross that St. Helen found, which was the name of a Lynn Guild in Chaucer's time; to the Shipman's Tale (a Shipman's Guild was also then at Lynn); to the Holy Cross of Bromholm (Bacton in Norfolk); and to the alleged child-murder by Jews (Lynn being the place of special Jewish persecution)—all of which seemed to show a close knowledge of Norfolk which would be difficult to explain in a Londoner of the same period.

Now, at last, I am in a position to put forward something more definite, for I have just found among the Lynn records, in an undated Bede Roll of the Trinity Guild of Lynn (G. d. 44), the names of John Chaucer and his servant Dreu.

Geoffrey Drewe was collector of the Port of Lynn 1344 to 1352, and Peter Drewe was Troner of the same port in 1349, which facts go far to identify this John Chaucer with the Customs Service of Lynn and with John Chaucer the poet's father, who was deputy-butler for John de Wesenham (another Lynn man), for Southampton in 1347 (Kern, p. 84), and who may have been deputy for Lynn before that date.*

John Chaucer is said by Mr. Kern (p. 57) to have been born in 1313, but as he was of full age in 1330 (p. 53) he must have been born before 1309, which makes the traditional old date of the poet's birth (1328) possible.

It is unlucky that the Bede Roll (which begins with names as early as Rich. I.) is undated (except in a recent hand "Ed. I."), but I hope to transcribe it, and by the known dates of other men named on it to fix John Chaucer's date more or less correctly. Some one has, years ago, cut off about twelve names from the end of the Roll containing the entry. Can the piece cut off have once contained Geoffrey's own name and become the plunder of some wretched collector?

Other corroborations from the Lynn records are :

1. Chaucer's Aunt, Isabella Malyn, married Thomas de Blakeney before 1332, when they sold a house in Ipswich. I find Tho. de Blakeney a resident at Lynn in 1328-9. (Chamberlain's Accounts, E. e. 7d and Lete Roll C.A. 3).

2. Henry Scogan the poet, friend and disciple of Chaucer, was son of a John Scogan.

I find John Skoggon at Lynn in 1340. (Chamberlain's Accounts, E. a. 8.)

3. The poet's wife was Philippa Roet al's Picard. Sir Henry Picard had a protection the same day as John Chaucer had one in 1338 (Kern, p. 83), and was King's butler at Lynn in 1350.

4. His grandfather, Robert Chaucer (who was dead by 1316), was also called de Gunthorpe. This village is not far from Bawdeswell, and it is significant that at the time of Chaucer's youth (1349) John de Bawdeswell was Rector of Gunthorpe.

Moreover I find the names of several Gunthorpes on the Lynn Rolls.

5. John de Stody, afterwards Mayor and Sheriff of London, and erstwhile a taverner at Lynn (Pat. Cal. 1331, p. 116). His name is taken from that of the next village to Gunthorpe, and occurs no less than *eight* times in connection with the poet's father John, viz :

(i.) In 1342 he and *John Chaucer* were together present at a meeting as to sale of wines in London.

(ii.) In 1344 he, with *John Chaucer*, Walter Turk (a searcher at Lynn Custom House in 1349), and others, were witnesses to a Sussex Charter (Close Cal., p. 44).

(iii.) In 1347 he was appointed Deputy-Butler for London the same day as John Chaucer was appointed Deputy-Butler for Southampton (Pat. Cal., p. 253).

* A Robert de London was custodian of the New Customs at Lynn in 1307 (see Lynn Customs Rolls, Pub. Rec. Off. W.N. No. 1889). Could he have been the Robert Chaucer of London, the poet's grandfather and father of John?

In a roll dated 14 Ed. II. (1321) (Exch. accounts K.P. 12, m. 7) the name of Robert de Lenne occurs as not appearing in the Ward of Bradstrete, London, and Richard le Chaucer was his surety, but he cannot be the Robert Chaucer the grandfather, who was dead by 1315, unless I have misunderstood the entry kindly given me by Mr. Redstone.

It would not be unlikely that a man having a dual address in London and Lynn should be known as de Lynn and de London.

(iv.) In the same year he, with *John Chaucer* and others, were appointed to arrest certain persons (Pat. Cal., p. 393).

(v.) In 1352 he and others were partners in a venture as to wool, some of which was laden, coketted, and customed by *Nichs. Chaucer* (Close, pp. 440-1).

(vi.) In the same year he had a grant of land in Hokkale, Essex, from Edmund, son and heir of Hamo de Sutton, and it was witnessed by *John Chaucer*.

(vii.) In 1363 he levied a fine, with *John Chaucer* and Agnes his wife (the poet's father and mother), of land in Stepney and in St. Mary Matfelon Without Aldgate (Kern, p. 95).

(viii.) In 1365 he levied another fine of other property in the latter place with *John* and Agnes Chaucer (*id.*, p. 96).

6. In 1369 Chaucer, as one of the Royal Household, had, as well as William de Gunthorpe, probaby a kinsman, a grant of cloth (Life Records, p. 173), at the same time as Walter de Whitehorse, who had been Troner of the Port of *Lynn*, 1344, 1351.

7. *John* de Wesenham, the King's butler, who appointed *John Chaucer* his Deputy in 1347 (Kern, p. 84), was a *Lynn* man by birth, and this name occurs frequently among the *Lynn* records (Red Book, p. 63, etc.).

8. *Henry* de Say, the King's butler in 1308, who had appointed Robert Chaucer his attorney, etc., 1320-1, had appointed him again under the name of Rob. de Gunthorpe (Letter Book 1320-1), was apparently also from *Lynn*, for we find his name there in 1310 and 1334 (Lete 1310 and Chamberlain's Accounts, E. a. 3).

9. Raymund Segyun, who was the King's butler from *Lynn*, 1339-1346, appointed the poet's stepfather, *Rich. le Chaucer*, his deputy from London in 1341 and 1342 (Kern, p. 72).

These facts seem to me to very greatly strengthen the probability that the poet was born at *Lynn* during the temporary occupancy of some Custom House berth there by his father. Further search of the *Lynn* records will, I hope, enable me to produce more evidence.

WALTER RYE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LIMITS OF VERSE-LENGTH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have just read the short article on "The Limits of Verse-length," signed "T. S. O.," in your issue of April 25th last. We are unfortunately situated here in New Zealand in so far as taking part in discussion is concerned, but I trust my note will not arrive too late for due consideration.

Verse is a living growth, and as such must be subject to the laws that govern the development of living things—evolution being one of those laws. It was more subject to this law when it was *recited* than now when it is *written*, and it is during the former period that the operation of the law can be more clearly traced. The most vital, and consequently the most common definite line-form assumed by poetry is that seen in what is known as ballad metre, each line containing seven stresses, and usually fourteen syllables or their equivalent. This line is a direct evolution from the line of the metrical romances, which contained eight stresses and sixteen or more syllables. These lines, as has been said by Saintsbury, showed a constant tendency to shorten by dropping a foot in the second half. There must have been a reason for the lines assuming definite lengths, and a little examination will reveal this reason. A ballad stanza as now printed consists of four lines of eight and six syllables alternately; these four are really two lines of fourteen syllables each, stanzaic as well as linear division being merely a result of printing. When recited the verse was continuous; but it is remarkable that it was possible to divide it into equal stanzas. It will be noted that in every line of fourteen syllables the grammatical sense is, almost without exception, complete; each line is practically a sentence, divided into two clauses, and each stanza is a definitely-rounded statement. The determinative cause of the length of a sentence in speech is the breath; and it will be found that the length of a ballad line is the average length of a breath. The reason for the tendency in romance lines to drop a foot now appears; it was to enable the easy taking of a breath. An illustration may be found in the singing of the Church of England hymns. Over 90 per cent. of these are in ballad measures (which includes Nibelungen and

Alexandrine); but, no matter what the actual measure may be, the music brings almost all to the measure of the metrical romance; a line may have from ten to sixteen syllables, but it is always sung to sixteen, a quick breath, or gasp, being taken between every two lines. This gasp the minstrels avoided by dropping a foot or a syllable. Now this dropped foot or syllable may have been the first of the line following the opening; then we would get, firstly, the inverted ballad line, six syllables followed by eight, frequently met with in Chapman and others; secondly, a line beginning with an accent. Inverted ballad lines and trochaic lines should therefore be of frequent occurrence in the metrical romances. It will be admitted that a breath is taken after almost every line of fourteen syllables. It is said that the end of the line gave the opportunity. Exactly; that is the result of evolution. A breath was, on the average, found necessary at this point, and the sentences naturally assumed a length to allow of the breath being taken. As experiment I have requested people to read ballads aloud, and I have found that they invariably take a breath at the ends of the lines of fourteen syllables. Rime occurred originally at the breathing-places, and came to be looked on as the line-end, and lines were, in printing, divided at the rime; but rime can be internal in the same way as an alliteration. A poet can make his lines of any length he pleases, but he cannot disregard the number of beats in his rhythmical phrases. Every natural phrase must have eight beats, or their equivalent in pauses. It is surprising how commonly the ballad line—the normal line as determined by evolution—enters into the composition of all poetry. On first consideration it would not be apparent that exactly the same metrical structure underlies Macaulay's "Armada," C. Rossetti's "Dream Love," Shelley's "Cloud," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and the nursery-rime "Jack and Jill." That this is so can be conclusively demonstrated. That Nibelungen and Alexandrine measures are included in ballad is clear from the following scheme:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
(1)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Parent Romance.
(a)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ballad.
(b)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Nibelungen.
(c)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alexandrine.

The parent form (1) has been modified by the dropping of the last unit, this unit being used in its three offspring as the breathing-place, as indicated by the *. The three forms (a), (b), and (c) differ in the fourth unit only; (a) is the ordinary English ballad; (b) is the German and Danish ballad, and I have called it the Nibelungen metre from its being the basic metre of the Nibelungen Noth; (c) is the French ballad, or Alexandrine; (b) drops the stressed syllable in the fourth unit; (c) drops the whole unit, but in both instances a pause occupies the place of the dropped syllable or syllables. These three forms are woven almost indiscriminately into ballads, their being thus repeatedly found together *in situ* showing conclusively that they are allied forms. An important statement can now be made: almost every line in verse, and every line in truly rhythmical verse (excepting only all five stressed lines—heroic or blank verse—which constitute a separate class) belongs to either the parent form or one of the three ballad forms, printed lines of two, three, or four syllables being nothing more than one or other of these forms divided. Applying the foregoing to the examples quoted by "T. S. O.," both Mrs. Browning and Poe are right in printing as one line—

To the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the sun,
and

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary.

Scott may, if he wish, print as four lines

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended:
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded—

though this is really one line, with eight stresses; in fact it is trisyllabic parent ballad. The printing of the line does not signify so long as the stresses be true. I cannot think that "T. S. O." quoted the following lines as being different in fundamental structure:

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, the furrow followed free

The dull turned bright as I caught your white on my bosom,
England, queen of the waves, whose green inviolate girdle
enrings thee round.

The structure is identical: all are single ballad lines of one or other of the above forms, all bearing leonine rimes; they are identical with

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water,

and
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken the sweet buds
every one.

"T. S. O." is confusing length of printed line with length of

rhythmical phrase; the latter is all-important; the former signifies little. He also quotes as an eccentricity in writing Herrick's lines:

Thus I
Pass by
And die,
As one
Unknown
And gone.

This is an eccentricity in *printing*, but not otherwise; and "T. S. O." has not the grip on verse-forms which I thought he had if he failed to perceive in this stanza a simple Alexandrine, similar in construction to the half parent-ballad line previously quoted by him:

I have gained and attained, and remained unstained.
The length of line that will give pleasure is a matter neither of habit nor of training, but of following a law. The ballad line (from twelve to sixteen syllables, or less supplemented by pauses) is the natural line, and departure from it results in discord. Is the structure of Shelley's "Skylark" entirely satisfactory?—

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it,
Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

The last line does not run smoothly, excepting in places where a definite pause can be made in the middle, as in

And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

The reason is that an Alexandrine follows two lines of Nibelungen—a shorter line follows two longer—which has not so pleasing an effect as a longer following a shorter, as in Macaulay's ballad of "Horatius."

Verse of five stresses has been excluded from the above remarks for the reason that it is a distinct growth, a form which has developed side by side with the ballad. It is, as it were, a cultivated bloom, whilst the ballad is a wilding. Its development can be traced almost as clearly as that of the ballad, but in it the average length of a sentence is *ten syllables instead of fourteen*; but here the sentences are not so arbitrarily divided as in ballad metre. The sentences keep their varying length by means of the overflowing lines.

I fear I have already outrun the space of a letter, but the subject is one in which I have been interested for years. I have sent a volume to London in which I discuss this origin of blank and ballad verse-length, also the origin of the primary verse unit, the iambic with its natural equivalent the anapest—which origin, I think, was in the heart-beat. Over a year ago I sent a short *précis* of my theories to several English gentlemen interested in prosody, and since then I have been accumulating more facts, becoming more and more certain as I go on that my theories will prove laws.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

Government Buildings, Christchurch,
New Zealand, July 28, 1908.

THE USE OF ENGLISH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is time that a protest more vehement than that which emanates occasionally from "distant cloisters and unpractised cells" was made against the increasing confusion in the use of English. We are scrupulously careful of every heritage but our language. If a company promoter suggests excavations for a new railway near St. Paul's he is set upon by a clamorous crowd, who speak as if they would like to stone him. If a militant politician hints that a policy under which the country has prospered for a century should be relinquished, indignation meetings, with bands and banners, are held in Hyde Park. Yet if a writer deliberately thrusts upon the multitude a travesty of the language that embodies the history, the traditions, the thought, and even the soul of the nation, either he goes scot-free or he is paid handsomely for his pains. It is illogical that the public should omit to hold a demonstration in Trafalgar Square to denounce those who outrage habitually the purity and the beauty of the tongue which it boasts is to become the language of the world.

It was not thus in other days, when Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, and Lord William Howard of Effingham were so proud of their mother-tongue that they refused to use the language of diplomacy during their "ambassages" to the Continent. It was not thus in the seventeenth century when Bishop Sprat, who earned the short-lived title of the English Cicero, and Bentley, the assailant of Phalaris, were contending for the foundation of an Academy like the French, because the language was beginning to be "carelessly handled." It was not thus when the polished Shaftesbury mourned that letters were being mauled by com-

merce, when Berkeley wept because philosophers were becoming men of the world, and when Monboddo, the last of the pedant tribe who set the teeth of poor Horne Tooke on edge, cried in the wilderness for more parenthesis. All these men directed their efforts against the tendency of literature to pander to the hasty inquisitiveness and the desire for knowledge which were making themselves felt in the community. It was a different world then. Now the custody of the language has passed into the hands of the people. It is no longer vested in a coterie of fastidious and jealous men of letters, and the process of decay and disfigurement is evident.

Men of science were the first to suffer from the vagueness which seemed to grow, like mildew, about words. In the middle of the nineteenth century John Stuart Mill made an unavailing attack:

So many persons (he wrote) have become writers by profession that written language may be said to be wielded by persons ignorant of the proper use of the instrument, and who are spoiling it more and more for those who understand it. Vulgarisms which creep in, nobody knows how, are daily depriving the English language of valuable modes of expressing thought.

Herbert Spencer insisted that it should be a matter of conscience not to misuse words, and he set about proving that a Prime Minister, the Head Master of a public school, and the editor of the *Golden Treasury* had no conscience at all in this respect. His indignation at the slang use of "awfully" equalled in intensity his anger with embellished coal-scuttles and æsthetic tarts, and he was supported by Huxley, who preferred "What a lark!" in Whitechapel to "Awfully jolly" in Pall Mall.

The resentment of these men was not inexcusable. They had cause to complain. Their writings were misunderstood and they had to spend much time in defining terms which, had they never been abused, would have needed no definition. To the present hour men "in our midst" "negotiate" streets, "sustain" (instead of "suffer" or "receive") injuries, commit "tragedies"—a murderer will soon be known as a tragedian—attend "functions" (anything from a tea-party to a funeral), are entertained "to" (not "at") dinner, and make speeches in which they "eliminate" the truth, forgetting that the verb really means to "thrust out of doors." Needless to remark, these performances are described as "epoch-making," "phenomenal" (*pace* the Americans), "monumental" (thanks to the undertakers), "unparalleled" and "imposing." Our only consolation is that, at the close of their "long and arduous" careers, these "personages" never die a natural death, but "perish," "expire," "succumb" or "pass away," and are "mourned by a wide circle of friends."

The decay of the classical studies is perhaps accountable for an attempt to abolish the variety of the prepositions and to substitute one or two which may be used indiscriminately. Let us take up a certain newspaper. "As to" threatens to oust the whole race of prepositions. Lord Roberts is made to speak of our ignorance "as to" (of) what had happened; a man of science writes about his theories "as to" (of) the ultimate constitution of matter; a reviewer talks of his evidence "as to" (of) one thing and his partiality "as to" (for) another; and a Bishop refers to his speculations "as to" (upon) the future life. This monotonous and untidy "as to" has become so popular that it is intruded even where it has no business. Every speech by a public man bristles with "questions as to whether" and "doubts as to what." When a man has written it about ten times in a column of matter, he begins to have misgivings, and he calls to his aid another clumsy compound preposition. He writes of his regret "as regards" the death of So-and-so and of the affection of Mr. Such-a-one in respect to Miss —. It is no doubt natural that persons should seek some means of escape from the chaos which they see around them. A high military authority speaks of our trust "on" (in) our insular position; a literary critic writes "sympathy for" (with), and prefers Stephen Phillips "over" (to) Tennyson in some respects. The Lords of the Admiralty observe "a marked improvement in the gunnery of 1906 over (upon) the results obtained in 1905;" a public man asks to be excused "in" his conduct, and the Board of Trade disagrees "from" (with) certain conclusions. An Archbishop knows of things incomparable "to" (with) others; an eminent writer insists that one word is synonymous "to" (with) another, and a peer of the realm complains that charges are levelled "against" (at) his reputation. These are but a few instances. Any one who has the time may count thousands.

The abuse of the adjective needs no comment. It is too apparent, and it is now old enough almost to be venerable. Coleridge—would that he had not revived "in respect of" and invented "reliable"—once asked the world to reflect how numbers of epithets have been misapplied:

"I was one day," he said, "admiring one of the falls of the Clyde, and ruminating upon what descriptive term could be most fitly applied to it. I came to the conclusion that the

epithet "majestic" was the most appropriate. While I was contemplating the scene a gentleman and a lady came up, neither of whose faces bore much of the stamp of superior intelligence, and the first words the gentleman uttered were: 'It is very majestic.' I was pleased to find such a confirmation of my opinion, and I complimented the spectator upon the choice of his epithet, saying that he had used the best word that could have been selected from our language. 'Yes, Sir,' replied the gentleman, 'I say it is very majestic; it is sublime; it is beautiful; it is grand; it is picturesque.' 'Ay,' added the lady, 'it is the prettiest thing I ever saw.'

The lady and the gentleman who thus disturbed the poet's musings have since, we believe, become the parents of a large family, which they brought up to literature. The country is doing its best to educate the masses for other occupations. A Department of Agriculture has been established at Cambridge and a Faculty of Commerce in Birmingham. The nation that is devoted to its land and its industries, that glories in its literature, and makes boast of its good sense, may be expected to take some interest in the preservation of the language in which it has to do its thinking.

V. ST. CLAIR MACKENZIE.

BYRON AND SWINBURNE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In spite of your remark that I have made a mistake, I still think my criticism is justifiable. Your contributor "J. F." speaks of "the exaltation of poetry (as in that line which is the spring of Mr. Swinburne's fine verses, 'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept') in connection with Biblical prose." And I maintain that this *exaltation of poetry* has its *fons* and *origo* in Byron's lyric. Swinburne's poem entitled "Super Flumina Babylonis" treats of Italian freedom, and the commencement of one of the stanzas is, "By the rivers of Italy." I don't think the use of the words *waters* or *rivers* matters, as, if I mistake not, the translation of *flumina* is flowing waters. Byron's poem, on the other hand, is Biblical in its subject and words, and shows Swinburne is merely echoing and transposing the familiar line of a great poet. So, after all, I must have been right in attributing it to its proper source.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am afraid Mr. Isidore G. Ascher is a dweller in the Land of Nod. You, Sir, have already corrected him on the first point of his letter, and I must ask your permission to correct him on the second. I did not assert that *high* cannot be associated with *stateliness*; I said that *high raptures* are hardly to be associated with *stateliness*. Rapture, I take it, is a spiritual condition; *stateliness* a material. Mr. Ascher's ingenious interpretation had not occurred to me, and perhaps I may be pardoned for thinking it "hyper-subtle."

THE REVIEWER.

"OCCULTISM AND COMMON SENSE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Beckles Willson writes in your last issue:

My publisher informs me that the books on the same subject, written by persons absolutely unprepossessed, biased neither by circumstances nor temperament, uninfluenced by a spirit of credulity or scepticism, might be counted on the first finger of one hand.

I issued the book, "Occultism and Common Sense," but I am not the publisher who gave Mr. Willson the above information. I am not, as your reviewer genially suggests, "a critic of the highest standing," and my only object in publishing Mr. Willson's book was to endeavour to make a profit on it.

T. WERNER LAURIE.

September 14, 1908.

[We are obliged to Mr. Werner Laurie for the foregoing letter, and it would now perhaps be interesting if we might hear from Mr. Beckles Willson what publisher it is who enjoys the distinction of being written down by Mr. Willson as "my publisher," and who made the extraordinary statement which Mr. Laurie quotes. And it is with great satisfaction that we find Mr. Laurie stating that his "only object in publishing Mr. Willson's book was to endeavour to make a profit on it." Nobody will think the less of Mr. Laurie for making such a statement—far from it.—ED.]

THE FORBIDDEN PROCESSION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—*Apocryphos* of the Prime Minister's action in relation to the procession at Westminster I read in the papers that Mr. Kensit asserts that his friends *would certainly have had the wafer on the ground* (!), and that the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance says "that if the Host had been carried *there would have been bloodshed* (!). I am not giving away secrets when I say that there was not one arrangement made with this end in view, but dozens of such arrangements. The Prime Minister's action was quite justified," &c. Though not a Roman Catholic, I confess that I blushed with shame on Sunday when I read of the Government's cowardly surrender to the rowdiest element of Nonconformity. I thought that the peculiar virtue and boast of our country was toleration and freedom of thought. Let us hope that this obsolete law of 1829 will soon be repealed, in which case the Dissenters, who seem warlike only in street broils, and not in defence of their country, will have to obey the law they loudly appeal to when it suits their malignant prejudices.

H. M.

COLERIDGE AND CHRISTIANITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—Some months ago, in your "Life and Letters" column you attributed to Coleridge a remark which I see repeated in this week's ACADEMY. We expect THE ACADEMY to be accurate at all times, but when dealing with religious topics we look for more than ordinary care—and I am bound to say we are not often disappointed. For this reason I am venturing to call your attention to Coleridge's actual words in "Table Talk" (York Ed., p. 272):—

My doubt is whether Baptism and the Eucharist are properly any *parts* of Christianity, or not rather Christianity itself—the one the initial conversion or light, the other the sustaining and invigorating life—both together the *φῶς καὶ ἰσχύς*, which are Christianity.

E. A. POLE.

159 Warwick Road, Carlisle, September 15, 1908.

DAISY LORD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—As one of the first to sign the petition in favour of above at Mr. Cudby's office, I shall hardly be accused of lack of sympathy when I say that the agitation on her behalf by the Feminists is characteristically disgraceful. They say nothing of Carrie Thomas, the Cornish girl who was driven to drown her child because she was turned out of doors by her mother and sister. Maybrick case, Doughty case, Lord case—all are used as weapons against men. Mrs. Cobden-Saunders's attack on Mr. Justice Jelf, a most humane Judge, who was in tears when passing the sentence, to-day (Sunday) at Trafalgar Square was abominable, and her reference to putting the girl behind red curtains, "symbolic of the blood to be spilt," ridiculous. Almost equally absurd was the suggestion of another speaker—a Scotsman—that a nominal sentence would have sufficed.

ARCH. G.

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

Die Lyrischen Meisterstücke von Goethe. In zwei Bänden. Ausgewählt von Richard M. Meyer. Gowans and Gray, 6d. net each.

A Treasury of Consolation. Poems selected by Albert Broadbent.

A Nature Treasury. Selected by Albert Broadbent.

In Praise of Friendliness. In Praise of Duty. In Praise of Ministry. Selected by Albert Broadbent.

Poems of Love and Life. Selected from the Poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, by Albert Broadbent. Manchester: Broadbent.

DRAMA

Pete. A Play by Hall Caine and L. N. Parker. Collier, 6d. net.

Celestina. Or the Tragi-Comedy of Caliste and Melibea. Edited by H. Warner Allen. Routledge, 6s.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

When and Where of Famous Men and Women. By Howard Hensman and Clarence A. Webb. Routledge, 1s. net.

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